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THE NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE;

AN INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING HISTORY,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Embellished with Thirty-two beautiful Cuts.

VOL III.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

MR. BILL. Yesterday I gave you the particulars of Robinson's manner of living. Three years passed away, and it was still the same. In all that time, and with such persevering constancy in labour, how far do ye think was he advanced in the making of his canoe? Alas! he had scarcely cut through half the trunk of the tree, and it now seemed a matter of doubt to him whether he could cut down the tree in less

than three or four years more, though he were to work with the ſame conſtant regularity as before.

In the mean time he never ſlackened the work. What elſe, indeed, could he have undertaken? And, then, he was neither willing nor able to remain idle. One day the thought ſtruck him, that as long as he had lived in this iſland, he had ſeen but a very ſmall part of it. He was angry with himſelf for his own weakneſs, when he reflected that fear was the cauſe which had prevented him from traverſing the whole of it. "Perhaps," ſaid he, "had I been leſs afraid, I might have diſcovered many things which would at preſent be very uſeful to me."

This conſideration determined him to ſet out the very next morning by day-break in order to take a view of the whole iſland.

Edw. How large might this iſland be?

Mr. Bill. Perhaps much about the extent of the county of Middleſex. The ſame day he made every requiſite prepara-

tion

tion for his departure; and the next morning, having loaded one of his lamas with proviſions for four days, having armed and accoutered himſelf, and prayed for the divine protection, he ſet out on his journey with confidence. His deſign was to keep as much as poſſible to the ſea-ſide, and to avoid foreſts, that he might be leſs liable to meet with wild beaſts.

His firſt day's journey was remarkable for no extraordinary accident. He travelled about twenty miles. The farther he went the plainer he could perceive that the ſituation of his dwelling-place was in the barreneſt part of the iſland. In many parts he found trees, ſuch as he had never ſeen before, which appeared to bear fruits capable of furniſhing him with a nouriſhment as wholeſome as it was agreeable. It was not until ſome time after that he knew the uſefulneſs of them, and learned their names.

Amongſt theſe trees was one called the

paper mulberry tree, the bark of which is wrought into a fine ſort of paper by the people of Japan, and makes a handſome ſummer ſtuff for the inhabitants of Otaheité. I will ſhew you a piece of it, which I received as a preſent from a gentleman who had been with Captain Cook. Robinſon ſlept the firſt night in a tree, that he might be the more ſecure from wild beaſts, and at the firſt dawn of day he ſet out again.

He had not travelled far before he found himſelf at the Southern extremity of the iſland. In ſome places the ſoil was ſandy. He had a mind to walk out upon a neck of land which extended pretty far into the ſea, but ſuddenly ſtarting back, he grew as pale as death. He looked round him all in a tremble, and then, hanging his head, ſtood ſtock ſtill and incapable of motion, as if he had been ſtruck by a thunderbolt.—[*See the frontiſpiece to this volume.*]

Rich. What was the matter with him?

Mr. Bill. His eyes diſcovered what he never expected to find there, the tracks of men's feet imprinted in the ſand.

Edw. What! does that frighten him? I think he ſhould rejoice at the ſight.

Mr. Bill. I will explain to you the reaſon of his fright. Upon his firſt beholding theſe tracks, he did not repreſent to himſelf the men, whoſe ſteps had left the impreſſions he ſaw, as civilized, humane, compaſſionate beings, ever ready to aſſiſt their fellow creatures according to their power; but he imagined them to be barbarous, cruel, ferocious, ready, if they met him, to fall upon him, cut his throat, and devour him: in a word, he did not ſuppoſe that civilized Europeans had been upon the ſpot, but ſavages and cannibals; that is, as I before explained it to you, and which you could not hear without being ſhocked, men whoſe horrible cuſtom it was to feed upon human fleſh.

Rich. That idea is enough, indeed, to ſhock one.

Mr. Bill. It would have been better for Robinſon, had he been accuſtomed from his childhood not to give way to the impulſe of terror, even in the greateſt dangers, and had he, at this moment, preſerved more coolneſs and preſence of mind. We can all bring ourſelves to it, if we will but pay an early and conſtant attention to the rendering of our bodies, as well as our minds, ſound and vigorous.

Rich. But I do not rightly underſtand how we can bring ourſelves to this temper.

Mr. Bill. By fortifying our bodies with ſobriety, regularity, and exerciſe, conformably to the intent of nature, and by preſerving our minds free from blemiſh, by a ſteady and enlightened piety. Thus fortified, we ſhall be able to bear every change of fortune, and look upon danger with an eye of indifference. Thus, my dear children, if you will always temperately confine yourſelves to thoſe ſorts of food which are by ſo much the more wholeſome, as they are more plain and natural than others,

and

and prepared with leſs luxurious nicety; if you will abſtain more and more every day from delicacies, thoſe poiſons in diſguiſe, as pernicious to the health as they are agreeable to the taſte; if you will avoid idleneſs, which is equally deſtructive to the body as the ſoul; if, as far as lies in your power, you will accuſtom your minds to a habit of attention and reflection, and ſtrengthen your bodies with a degree of exerciſe that inures you to motion without exhauſting you; if ſometimes, on purpoſe, and of your own free choice, you will abſtain from a thing which would be very agreeable to you, which you even deſire, and which it is perfectly in your own power to procure yourſelves; if, upon other occaſions, you contentedly bear with things that ſeem diſagreeable, though you could avoid doing ſo; if, farther, you contract the habit of not having recourſe to others, but, on the contrary, of finding in yourſelves a reſource for all your wants, thus, as far as lies in your power, doing without the aſſiſtance

of other hands, and uſing your own judgments in order to receive from your own faculties advice and aſſiſtance in every trouble and difficulty; if, laſtly, you labour with care to acquire and preſerve to yourſelves the precious treaſure of a conſcience free from reproach, which aſſures you of the protection and favour of the Almighty: then, my dear children, you will gain, and you will feel yourſelves poſſeſſed of, all the ſtrength of body and mind that you are capable of poſſeſſing. The moſt whimſical and moſt undeſerved changes of fortune will not trouble nor diſcompoſe your ſouls. The moſt diſagreeable events may cauſe you ſome ſurpriſe, but will not have power to ſhake your fortitude, nor to alter the ſerenity of your minds; perſuaded that, under the government of a Providence as wiſe as powerful, nothing can poſſibly happen which will not turn to your greateſt advantage.

Robinſon, as you ſee, had not yet reached, by his progreſs in true piety, that degree of fortitude ſo neceſſary to his happi-

neſs and repoſe. This may be imputed to the life which he had led for ſome years; ſo tranquil and ſo unexpoſed to dangers. In a ſtate of conſtant tranquillity, (mark well this truth, my dear children,) in a ſituation of perfect ſecurity, man never acquires all the energy nor all the courage of which his mind is ſuſceptible. Does it ſo happen that he is ſuddenly placed in circumſtances unuſual and terrifying? He is weak, timid, and overpowered with terror. Nay, too much eaſe ſometimes ſerves no other purpoſe than to render a man vicious. We ought, therefore, to receive as bleſſings thoſe trials which Heaven ſends us from time to time, be they ever ſo ſevere, ſince they are the means of knowing, of exerciſing, and ſtrengthening our courage by experience.

You remember into what a conſternation the unexpected ſight of ſome tracks of men's feet threw the poor affrighted Robinſon. He looks round to every quarter; at the noiſe of every leaf he feels freſh terror. In

the

the confuſion of his ſpirits, he knows not what to reſolve on: at laſt, muſtering up all his ſtrength, he takes to flight, with the utmoſt precipitation, like a man who is purſued; and ſo great is his terror, that he dares not, even once, look back. But ſuddenly he ſtops; his fear is changed into horror. What an object ſtrikes his eye! Ah! my dear children, prepare yourſelves for the moſt ſhocking ſpectacle in nature; the horrible conſequences of man's depraved ſtate when totally abandoned to himſelf, and deprived of all education. He ſaw a round hole, in the middle of which was a ſpace whereon a fire ſeemed to have been kindled, though it was then out. All round this hole——I ſhudder while I relate it——he perceived hands and feet, ſculls, and other human bones, ſcattered about, which preſented the horrible remains of an unnatural feaſt, where a human body had been devoured

The Children. How ſhocking! What, by men?

Mr. Bill. Can they be called men? They have

have only the outside of men: without education, degraded, rendered brutal, and like the most ravenous animals, neither the loathing which such an action would naturally produce, nor the compassionate feelings of humanity, prevent them from following the abominable custom of murdering their fellow-creatures to feed on them. These were their prisoners of war, on whom, after they had cut their throats and roasted them, they made a horrible feast, in which their savage joy manifested itself by dances and songs, or rather the howlings of gorged cannibals.

Charlotte. Oh! the detestable creatures!

Mr. Bill. Let us, my dear *Charlotte*, detest their atrocious manners, and not their persons: they have received no education, no instruction. If you had been so unfortunate as to have received your birth amongst these savage people, you would, like them, run about naked in the woods, without the least shame, stupid and fierce as a brute beast; you would paint your body

dy and your face with various colours, particularly red: you would make holes in your nose and ears, and be very proud to carry in them, for ornament, birds feathers, sea shells, and other trifles: you would, then, make one at the abominable feasts of your depraved relations, and there take your share with as much pleasure as you do now at our best dinners. Rejoice, therefore, all of you, and bless God that you belong to parents who were born and bred up in polished society, where they have learned, from their infancy, to be humane, civil, polite, and friendly, and not to neglect any thing that may render you also mild, agreeable, compassionate, and susceptible of every virtue. Pity the unhappy lot of those men who, being left to themselves, still lead a savage life like that of wild beasts in the woods.

Henry. And are there any such still?

Rich. Far off, very far off from hence, in an island called New Zealand. Papa read us something about it last winter in Captain Cook's Voyages. The natives of that

that iſland eat human fleſh; but, it is to be hoped, their intercourſe with our people will, by degrees, bring them to leave off ſo barbarous a cuſtom.

Henry. That would be well done.

Mr. Bill. Robinſon turned his eyes away from the hideous ſpectacle; it made him quite ſick, and he would, in all likelihood, have fainted, if nature had not relieved herſelf, by forcing him to throw up whatever was upon his ſtomach. As ſoon as he was a little recovered, he fled away again with ſo much precipitation, that his lama could ſcarely keep up with him; for this faithful animal followed cloſe at his heels wherever he went. Fear had ſo taken poſſeſſion of Robinſon's faculties, that he quite forgot his lama, and, hearing its ſteps cloſe by him, as he ran, had not the leaſt doubt but there was a cannibal behind in cloſe purſuit of him. Filled with this notion, he fled with redoubled ſpeed, to eſcape from the imaginary ſavage at his heels, and, in order to be leſs encumbered and lighter in his flight, he threw

threw away his ſpear, his bow, his arrows, and his hatchet. This might have been the moment to make uſe of them, but he never once thought of doing ſo; in flight alone he placed all his dependence. But, in his flight, he forgets whither he is running; he regards not which way he takes: the openeſt ground is that which he prefers, let it lead him where it will. Thus, after he had run for near an hour, it happened that he made a circuit, which brought him back to the very ſpot from whence he had ſet out.

Here was new terror! new perplexity! He forgot the place; he had no idea that it was the ſame which he had ſeen before; he takes it for a ſecond proof of the horrible cruelty, the ſight of which he was endeavouring to avoid. He turns away, therefore, from the ſpot, and continues his flight as long as he has ſtrength to carry him. At length, quite exhauſted, he falls down without ſenſe or motion. Here his lama, having overtaken him, lies down beſide him, ſpent with fatigue. By mere chance

it

it was the very ſpot where Robinſon had thrown away his arms; and theſe were the firſt objects that ſtruck his eyes the moment he opened them. Seeing his arms ſcattered about on the graſs, he imagined himſelf in a dream, and that whatever had paſſed was no more. He could not conceive by what means they were conveyed there, nor how he came there himſelf; ſo much had his fright diſturbed all the faculties of his mind.

He roſe now to leave the place, but his confuſion being ſomewhat abated, he was not ſo imprudent as to forget his arms: he gathered them up, and firmly reſolved to part no more with the only means of his defence. He was ſo weakened, that it was impoſſible for him now to make ſo much haſte as before, though equally urged by fear. He had no appetite for the remainder of the day, and he never ſtopped but once, which was only for a moment, at a ſpring to quench his thirſt.

He hoped to be able to get home that

ſame

ſame day, but found it impoſſible. At night-fall he was within a couple of miles of his own dwelling, at a place which he called his country ſeat. It was a pretty large enclosure, which he had choſen as a kind of park for one part of his flock, becauſe the graſs was better there than in the neighbourhood of his cave. The year before, he had lain there ſeveral nights in the ſummer time, being grievouſly tormented with muſkitoes at his old dwelling-place. For this reaſon he called the ſpot his country ſeat. His ſtrength being quite gone, he was not able to go any farther. Whatever danger there might be in paſſing the night in ſo unſafe a place, neceſſity obliged him to ſtop there. Quite worn out with fatigue, and his mind ſtill agitated with fear, he lay down to take ſome repoſe; but ſcarcely was he half aſleep, when a freſh ſubject of terror had nearly deprived him of his ſenſes once more.

Rich. Poor fellow! to what alarms he is expoſed!

Edw.

Edw. What was the matter, then?

Mr. Bill. He heard a voice in the air, which very distinctly uttered these words, "Robinson, poor Robinson! where have you been? How came you here?"

Rich. Bless me! what could it be?

Mr. Bill. Robinson started up, all in a tremble, not knowing what to think. He hears the same words repeated; he ventures to turn his eyes towards the quarter from which the voice came, and finds——what think ye?

The Children. Nay, we can't tell.

Mr. Bill. He found, what a coward, if he would take the pains to examine before he gave way to his fears, would almost always find—that he had no reason to be alarmed; he found that it was no voice in the air, but the voice of his own parrot, which was perched upon the branch of a tree close by.

The Children. Ha! ha! ha! that is droll enough.

Mr. Bill. No doubt the bird was tired of

of being left alone in the cave, and as it had many a time before followed its master to the place where he now was, it came thither to seek him, and pronounced the same words which Robinson had repeated to it hundreds of times.

His fright was now turned to joy at having found out the cause of the false alarm. Robinson stretches out his hand and calls "Poll!" The bird flies to him, and welcomes him with a hundred fond caresses, all the while crying, "Robinson! poor Robinson! where have you been?"

Still restless and apprehensive, Robinson scarce closed his eyes the whole night. He had for ever before him the horrid spot which first occasioned his fright. He strove, but in vain, to banish it from his imagination; all his endeavours were to no purpose. When once the imagination receives a violent shock, to what extremities does it cause a man's thoughts to wander? What a cloud of darkness does passion spread over his reason? Robinson thought of a thou-

sand

ſand plans for his future ſecurity, every one more extravagant than the other. Amongſt the reſt—would you believe it?—he had formed the reſolution of deſtroying, as ſoon as it was day-light, all the works that he had made, and not to leave a trace remaining of all that had coſt him ſo much labour. The copſe in which he now lay, and the hedge enclosing the whole park, were to be deſtroyed; his lamas turned looſe; his dwelling-place at the cave, and the willow row, to be all demoliſhed; his garden and trees to be grubbed up; in ſhort, every thing was to be ſacrificed to his ſafety. He would not have the ſmalleſt appearance remaining of any thing that might ſeem to be the work of man's hands.

Rich. For what reaſon?

Mr. Bill. That, if the ſavages ſhould chance to pay a viſit to this ſide of the iſland, they might not perceive, nor even ſuſpect, that there was a man there.

Let us now leave him to his apprehenſions, as we can be of no aſſiſtance to him;

and

and while we go to reſt, ſheltered from the danger to which *he* thinks himſelf expoſed, let us be ſenſible of our own happineſs. Let us return thanks to the Supreme Being, that we were born in a country, where, living amongſt men who are civilized, and willing to afford us friendſhip and aſſiſtance, we may compoſe ourſelves to reſt without having any thing to fear from the barbarity of inhuman ſavages.

The Children. Good night, papa; much obliged to you. How agreeable has this evening's entertainment been!

FIFTEENH EVENING.

MY dear children, it is a good proverb which adviſes us *to conſult our pillow* before we take any important reſolution.

Robinſon

Robinſon found the advantage of conforming to this advice.

You remember the ſtrange reſolutions which his exceſſive fear made him form. He was very happy that he put off the performance of them until the next day. Scarce had the mild light of morning diſperſed the ſhades of night, when he ſaw things in quite a different view. What he before judged prudent and neceſſary, appears to him a ſenſeleſs and extravagant project. In a word, he rejects all the haſty ſchemes that fear had put in his head, and he forms other plans which his ſober judgment approves.

Let his example teach you, that, in affairs which may be put off, you ſhould not paſs from reſolving immediately to performing; defer this latter till the next day, as often as you conveniently can.

Robinſon now ſaw and acknowledged that his fright, the day before, had been carried to an extravagant pitch. "I have been here," ſaid he, "a long time, and no ſavage has ever yet come near my habi-

tation, which is proof enough that they are not ſettled in this iſland. It is moſt likely that they are inhabitants of another iſland, from whence ſome of them come here now and then, to celebrate their victories by a horrible feaſt; and probably they never land but at the Southern point of the iſland, and return to their own country without having the curioſity to come any farther. It is, therefore, by the particular direction of Heaven that I have been thrown on this part of the coaſt, the leaſt fertile in the whole iſland. This very diſadvantage is now the cauſe of my ſecurity.

"Why ſhould I not hope that the ſame good Providence will continue to protect me againſt all dangers, ſince I have hitherto been ſo remarkably preſerved from the greateſt?" He then reproached himſelf bitterly for having the night before ſhewn ſo little confidence in his heavenly Father. Filled with ſorrow and repentance, he threw himſelf proſtrate on the ground, to implore pardon for this new fault. Having now recovered

covered his ſtrength, he walked towards his cave to put in execution the new deſigns which he had juſt formed.

Rich. What did he propoſe to do?

Mr. Bill. He intended to take ſome proper meaſures for his greater ſecurity, which was very reaſonable; for although it be our duty to depend on Providence, being perſuaded, that, while we conform our lives to the divine precepts, we ſhall not be forſaken in time of need, yet, on our ſides, we ſhould neglect nothing that may contribute to our happineſs or ſecurity; for we certainly were never endowed with reaſon, nor our minds, nor even our bodies, enriched with ſuch various faculties and powers, for any other purpoſe, but that we ſhould, as far as in us lies, make them all unite towards rendering us more ſecurely happy.

The firſt thing that he did, was to plant, without ſide, at a ſmall diſtance from the trees which encloſed the front ſpace before his cave, a thick wood which might cover

it at a diſtance, and hinder it from being ſeen.

With this deſign, he planted, one after another, near two thouſand ſlips of that ſort of willow which he had before obſerved to take root and grow up in ſo ſhort a time. He took good care not to plant them in rows: on the contrary, he avoided all regularity, on purpoſe to give the whole the appearance of a natural growth rather than of artificial arrangement. He reſolved next to dig a ſubterraneous paſſage from the bottom of his cave to the other ſide of the hill, that, in a caſe of extremity, as, for inſtance, when the enemy ſhould have ſcaled his barricade, he might have a back-way to eſcape by. This was alſo a troubleſome and tedious taſk; and you muſt underſtand, that, in order to have leiſure for it, he was obliged to give up the making of the canoe for a while.

In opening this ſubterraneous paſſage, he began exactly as miners do, who firſt dig a pit, and then a gallery.

Geo.

Geo. What ſort of a gallery?

Rich. Do you forget? I can tell you. The miners, in making a mine, firſt dig into the earth ſtraight down, as thoſe do who are digging a well; and this perpendicular opening they call a pit. When they are come to a certain depth, they begin to hollow it out horizontally; and this paſſage they call a gallery. Thus they go on from pits to galleries, and from galleries to pits, until they come to the vein or bed of metal which they are ſeeking.

Mr. Bill. Very well explained. Obſerve, that, when they dig thus ſideways, or horizontally, the earth which is over their heads would ſoon crumble down, if they did not take care, as they went on, to keep it up: this they do by means of croſs planks, which reach from one ſide of the paſſage to the other, and reſt upon uprights. Robinſon took the ſame precaution.

Whatever earth he cleared out of it, he carried cloſe to the hedge, and took care to level it. Thus, by degrees, he raiſed a ter-

race, about ten feet high, and almoſt eight thick. At convenient diſtances, he had left openings, or port-holes, that he might ſee the out-country. He had, beſides, made ſteps to go up to the top of the terrace, in caſe he ſhould, one day or other, be obliged to defend his little fort from the top of his rampart.

He ſeemed now ſufficiently ſecured againſt a ſudden or ſhort attack. But, then, if the enemy ſhould be obſtinate, and block him up for ſome time, what are to be his reſources?

This blocking up was not a vain fancy: it was by no means impoſſible that ſuch a thing might happen ſome day or other. He thought it, therefore, neceſſary to provide alſo againſt ſuch an event, and to contrive means whereby he might avoid the neceſſity of ſurrendering for want of proviſions, or elſe dying of hunger. To prevent any ſuch extremity, he reſolved to keep conſtantly within the encloſure, at leaſt, one of his lamas that gave milk, and to have, by

way

way of reſerve for the ſupport of this animal, a ſmall rick of hay, which was not to be touched unleſs in caſe of neceſſity. He was moreover reſolved to lay up a ſtock of cheeſe, fruits, and oyſters, and recruit it from day to day, according as the one or the other became unfit to keep.

He had thought of another deſign, but was obliged to give it up, foreſeeing that it would be too tedious in the execution. He was deſirous that the water of the neighbouring ſpring, which formed a ſmall rivulet, might be conveyed, if poſſible, to the very door of his cave, that, in caſe of a ſiege, he might not be deprived of ſo neceſſary a conveniency. To effect this, he would have been obliged to cut through a ſmall hill, which, however, was large enough to require a very conſiderable time before the labour of a ſingle man could complete ſuch a cut. He thought it, therefore, better to give up the idea, and return to the making of his canoe.

For ſome years there happened nothing

worth relating. I haſten now to an event which had more influence on the lot of Robinſon, than all that had happened to him in his iſland as yet.

One fine clear morning, as he was working at his canoe, he perceived a very thick ſmoke riſing at a diſtance. The terror with which he was at firſt ſeized upon ſight of this, gave way to curioſity. He haſtened to the top of his little hillock to diſcover the true cauſe of the ſmoke. Scarcely was he arrived there, when he was ſtruck with conſternation at the ſight of five or ſix canoes drawn up on the beach, and a ſcore or two of ſavages dancing round a great fire, with the moſt fantaſtic motions and horrid cries imaginable.

Though Robinſon ought to have expected ſuch a ſight one time or other, yet here again he was near falling into a ſwoon with terror. However, this time he quickly recovered his ſpirits, by placing his confidence in his Maker. He ran down the hill to put himſelf in a poſture of defence, took his

arms,

arms, implored the assistance of Heaven, and firmly resolved to defend his life to the last extremity. Fortified in this resolution by his piety, he found himself master of sufficient courage and presence of mind to go up again by his ladder of ropes to the top of the hill, from whence he was desirous of viewing all the enemy's motions.

Presently his indignation and horror was raised to the highest pitch, when he beheld them drag two unfortunate wretches from the canoes towards the place where the fire was. He suspected, at first sight, that they were going to dispatch them; and he very soon found that he was not mistaken. Some of these monsters kill one of the captives, and two others fall upon him, no doubt, in order to cut him into pieces, and prepare their abominable feast. During this shocking execution, the other prisoner sat a melancholy spectator of what was doing, in the expectation of very soon receiving the same treatment in his turn. But while these barbarians were busily taken up with the

butchery of his companion, he watches a moment when no body had an eye upon him, and, with the hope of eſcaping death, he ſuddenly ſtarts away, and flies with aſtoniſhing ſwiftneſs directly towards Robinſon's dwelling-place.

Joy, hope, fear, and horror, alternately ſeized on Robinſon's heart; they appeared ſucceſſively in his countenance, which was pale and red by turns. He felt a joy mingled with hope, when he obſerved the priſoner to gain ground conſiderably on his purſuers: he was filled with fear and horror when he ſaw both parties coming as ſtraight as poſſible towards his habitation. They were ſeparated from it only by a ſmall creek, which the ſavage, who fled, muſt croſs by ſwimming, to avoid falling into the enemy's hands. As ſoon as he came to the bank of it, he threw himſelf in without heſitation, and croſſed it with the ſwiftneſs that he had exerted in running. Two of thoſe who were neareſt to him threw themſelves in after him, and all the reſt returned to their abominable feaſt.

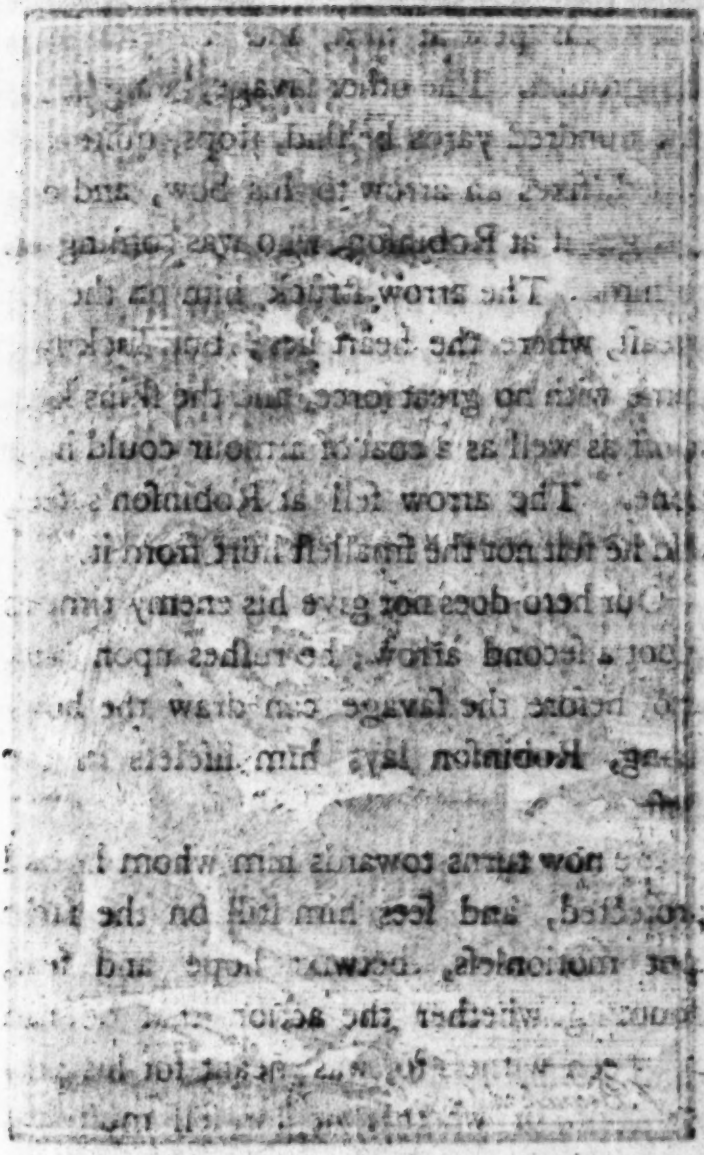
feaſt. Robinſon perceived, with much ſatisfaction, that theſe two laſt were not, by a great deal, ſuch expert ſwimmers as he whom they purſued. He was landed before they had half croſſed the creek. At this moment, Robinſon was animated with a courage and zeal, ſuch as he had never felt before: his eyes ſparkled; his heart throbbed, and ſeemed to urge him to the aſſiſtance of the weaker party. He takes his ſpear, and, without heſitating, runs down from the top of the hillock. In the twinkling of an eye he paſſes through the grove, and, coming out on the other ſide, finds himſelf juſt between the purſuers and the purſued. He cries to the latter, "Stop! ſtop!" but he, turning about, is terrified at the looks of Robinſon dreſt up in ſkins; he takes him for ſome ſuperior being, and heſitates whether to fall at his feet or run away from him. Robinſon, ſtretching out his hand, gives him to underſtand, by ſigns, that he was his friend, and then, turning about, marches towards the enemy. When

within reach of the foremoſt ſavage, he throws his ſpear at him, and ſtrikes him to the ground. The other ſavage, being about one hundred yards behind, ſtops, quite ſurpriſed, fixes an arrow to his bow, and diſcharges it at Robinſon, who was coming up to him. The arrow ſtruck him on the left breaſt, where the heart lies; but luckily it came with no great force, and the ſkins kept it off as well as a coat of armour could have done. The arrow fell at Robinſon's feet, and he felt not the ſmalleſt hurt from it.

Our hero does not give his enemy time to ſhoot a ſecond arrow; he ruſhes upon him, and, before the ſavage can draw the bow-ſtring, Robinſon lays him lifeleſs in the duſt.

He now turns towards him whom he had protected, and ſees him ſtill on the ſame ſpot motionleſs, betwixt hope and fear, doubting whether the action that he had juſt been witneſs to, was meant for his preſervation, or whether he himſelf muſt fall, in his turn, beneath the mighty blows of this

unknown



J. Bewick del et Sc.t

unknown being. The conqueror calls him; makes him understand, by signs, that he is to come nearer. He at first obeys, then stops, walks on a little way, stops again, advances slowly with evident marks of fear, and in the attitude of a suppliant. Robinson makes him every sign of friendship possible, and invites him to come close up to him. The savage approaches, but at every ten steps prostrates himself on the ground, at the same time to thank him and to testify his submission to him.

Robinson takes off his mask, and looks at him with a mild, humane, and friendly air. At this sight the savage hesitates no more, but flies towards his deliverer, prostrates himself, kisses the ground, takes one of Robinson's feet and puts it on his neck, to signify that he was his slave. But our hero, who knew that he had more occasion for a friend than a slave, quickly held out his hand to him in a friendly manner, raised him up, and endeavoured, by all the means imaginable, to convince him that he should

be

be well uſed. However, there ſtill remained ſomething to be done.

The firſt ſavage was wounded, but not killed. Being now come to himſelf, he was gathering herbs and applying them to his wound to ſtop the blood. Robinſon made the ſavage, who ſtood near him, obſerve this, who immediately ſpoke ſome words in return. Though Robinſon did not underſtand them, yet they pleaſed his ear by their novelty, being the firſt ſound of the human voice that he had heard for many years. The Indian, fixing his eyes alternately upon Robinſon, and his hatchet, pointing to it with his finger, and then drawing his hand back again, ſhily, gave him to underſtand that he deſired this weapon to diſpatch the enemy. Our hero, though loth to ſhed human blood, yet ſenſible of the neceſſity of killing the wounded ſavage, gives his hatchet, and turns his eyes from ſeeing the bloody uſe that is going to be made of it. The Indian runs up to his adverſary, ſtrikes off his head at a blow, and returns with the

cruel

cruel ſmile of gratified revenge. Then, making a thouſand wry faces, and throwing himſelf into a thouſand odd poſtures, he lays at Robinſon's feet, by way of a trophy, the hatchet, together with the bleeding head of the ſavage he had killed.

Robinſon made ſigns to him to gather up the bows and arrows of the ſlain, and to follow him. The Indian, in return, gave him to underſtand, by ſigns, that, before they went away, it would be proper to bury the two dead ſavages in the ſand, that, if their companions ſhould afterwards come to ſeek them, they might not find any remains of them.

Robinſon having ſignified that he approved this precaution, the Indian fell to work with the aſſiſtance only of his hands, but with ſo much activity and diſpatch, that in leſs than a quarter of an hour the two bodies were buried. They then ſet out together towards Robinſon's abode, and went up to the top of the hillock.

Charlotte But, papa, was not Robinſon guilty of murder?

Henry. Oh! thoſe that he had killed were ſavages; there was no harm in killing them.

Charlotte. Yet ſtill they were men.

Mr. Bill. Certainly they were men, my dear Henry; ſavages or civilized is not the point. The queſtion is, Had Robinſon a right to take away their lives?

Rich. I think he did very right.

Mr. Bill. And why?

Rich. Becauſe they were inhuman creatures, and would have murdered a poor wretch who perhaps had never done them any harm.

Mr. Bill. How did Robinſon know that? Might not the ſavage who was purſued have deſerved death? The others were, perhaps, officers of juſtice, acting under the authority of their ſuperiors. Beſides, who had made Robinſon judge between them?

Edw. If he had not killed them, they would

would have discovered his retreat, and have told all their companions of it.

Geo. And they would all have come in a body, and have murdered our poor Robinson.

Henry. And devoured his body.

Mr. Bill. Why that is a pretty good reason. You are not far wrong: he had a right to do it for his security. But, am I excusable in taking away another man's life that I may preserve my own?

The Children. Yes, certainly.

Mr. Bill. Why so?

Rich. Because it is the will of our Maker that we preserve our lives as long as it is in our power: whenever, therefore, any one goes about to deprive us of life, it must certainly be just to prevent him by taking away his, if there be no other means.

Mr. Bill. Without doubt, my dear children, such a forced defence of ourselves is allowable by all laws divine and human; provided, however, that we have absolutely no other means of saving our lives, than by

depriving the unjuſt aggreſſor of his. But if, on the other hand, we deſtroy our enemy, when we have it in our power to preſerve ourſelves without doing ſo, either by flight, or by the protection of others, or, laſtly, by putting it out of his power to hurt us, we are then guilty of murder, and amenable to the law.

Remember, my dear children, to thank God that you were born in a country where the government has taken ſuch proper ſteps for the ſecurity of our perſons, that there is ſcarcely one in one hundred thouſand under the diſagreeable neceſſity of uſing ſuch a legal defence for the preſervation of his life.

This is enough for to-day. When we aſſemble to-morrow evening, I ſhall, perhaps, find ſomething more to relate to you.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

MR. BILL. What ſhall I read to you this evening?

The Children. The New Robinſon Cruſoe!

Mr. Bill. Robinſon's lot, my dear children, in which we are all ſo deeply concerned, is ſtill very uncertain. He went up, as I told you yeſterday evening, along with the ſavage whom he had juſt delivered, to the top of the hill behind his dwelling, being both of them exceedingly uneaſy as to what might ſtill befal them. The poſture of their affairs was dangerous and critical; for, was it not very likely, that the ſavages, after their horrible feaſt, would ſet out to ſeek their two companions who were miſſing, as well as the victim that had eſcaped from them? In ſuch a caſe, it could not be doubted but they would diſcover

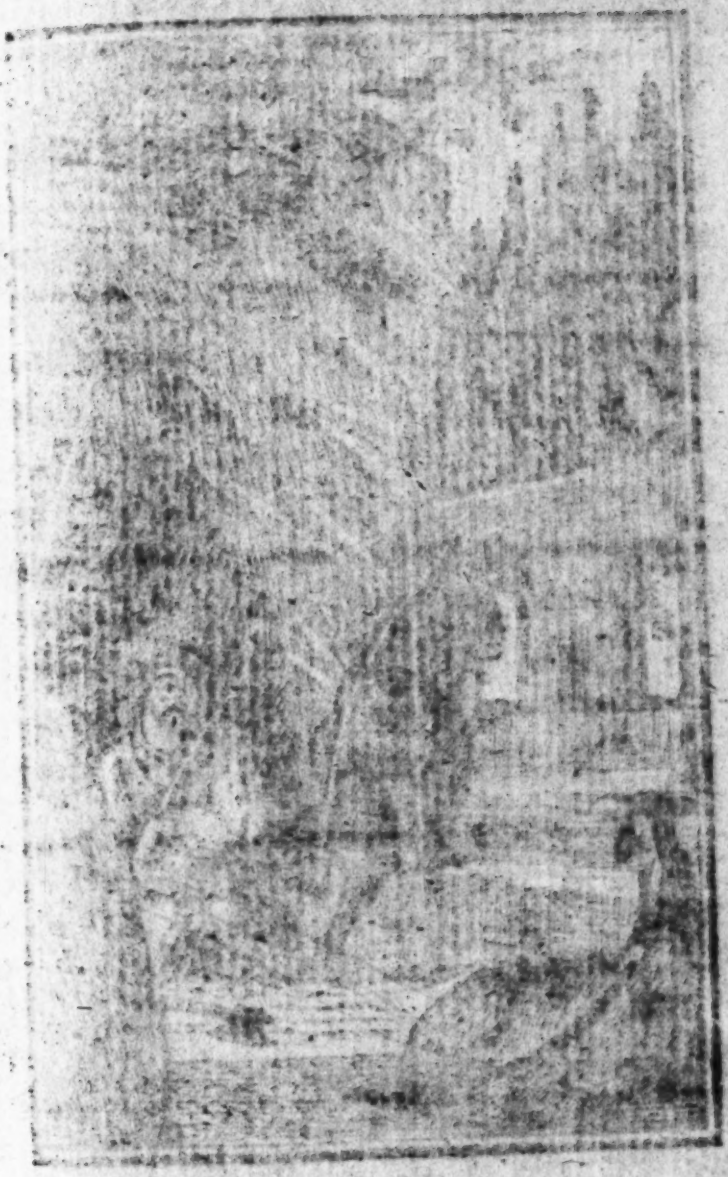
Ro-

Robinſon's habitation, and, uniting all their forces, have broken into it, and maſſacred him, together with his new companion.

All theſe thoughts came into his mind, while from the top of a hillock and ſheltered by a tree he took a view of the ſavages, who, by their extravagant dances and horrid howlings, expreſſed the joy that they felt after their barbarous feaſt. He deliberated how he ſhould act; whether to fly, or ſhut himſelf up in his fort. His thoughts riſing to the Almighty Protector of Innocence, he found in himſelf courage and reſolution enough to chooſe the latter determination. In order not to be perceived, he ſlipped behind the buſhes, crept to his ladder of ropes, made a ſign to his companion to follow him and do as he did, and very ſoon they were both at the bottom.

The Indian, ſeeing the commodious arrangement of every thing in his deliverer's dwelling-place, was ſeized with ſurpriſe. His eyes had never beheld any thing ſo well laid

out.



out. He felt the ſame ſort of admiration which a huſbandman would, who, from the wildeſt part of the country, ſhould find himſelf all of a ſudden in the midſt of a palace.

Robinſon endeavoured by ſigns to make him underſtand what they had to fear from the ſavages, if united, and that, in caſe they ſhould come to attack him, he was reſolved to defend himſelf to the laſt extremity, and even to death. The Indian underſtood him, and immediately, with a reſolute air, brandiſhes the hatchet, which he ſtill held, ſeveral times over his head, looks with a threatening countenance towards the enemy as if challenging them to combat, and thus endeavours to aſſure his deliverer that he was ready to defend himſelf courageouſly. Robinſon applauded theſe marks of intrepidity, armed the Indian with a ſpear, a bow and arrows, and placed him ſentinel at a kind of port-hole which he had made in his terrace, that he might have a view of whatever paſſed in the empty ſpace between that and the wood which he had planted.

About an hour afterwards, they heard, all at once, ſtrange and dreadful cries at a diſtance, which ſeemed to come from many ſavages together. They both prepared for combat, and, by their looks, mutually encouraged each other to make the moſt vigorous defence. The cries ceaſed—preſently they began again, louder and nearer—they are ſucceeded by a deep ſilence.—Quite near at hand—

Charlotte. Oh! papa, if they come I ſhall run away.

Henry. What nonſenſe!

Geo. Do not be uneaſy, Charlotte; Robinſon will contrive to defend himſelf. I am not in pain for him.

Charlotte. You will ſee; they are going to murder him.

Rich. Pſhaw, hold your tongue.

Mr. Bill. Quite near at hand ſhouted a terrible hoarſe voice, which was repeated by the echo of the hillock. Already our two champions were in a poſture of defence; already their bows were bent: the firſt ſavage

vage that ſhewed himſelf muſt infallibly have received a mortal wound. Their eyes, all attention and ſparkling with courage, were fixed on that quarter of the wood from whence the voice had been heard. Here I ſtop.——

The Children. But what is the reaſon of this long ſilence? Why does not papa go on with the ſtory?

Mr. Bill. To furniſh you with a freſh opportunity of exerciſing yourſelves in the art of conquering your deſires. You are all impatient to know the ſucceſs of the bloody fight in which Robinſon ſeems on the point of engaging. If you abſolutely deſire it, I am ready to ſatisfy your curioſity. But let me ſee, ſuppoſe you were, of your own accord, to ſuſpend it for to-day; ſuppoſe you were freely to give up the gratification of your curioſity until to-morrow? However, you are at perfect liberty to do as you pleaſe, and decide either way. Speak; do you conſent or not?

The Children. Yes, papa, we agree to it.

—We ſhall be in ſome pain about Robinſon —but never mind, to-morrow evening will make amends—Heaven preſerve poor Robinſon!

Mr. Bill. Your compliance, my dear children, fills me with joy. Amuſe yourſelves, for the remainder of the evening, in whatever way is moſt agreeable to you. I am never apprehenſive that your time will hang heavy on your hands; on the contrary, I rather ſuppoſe that you will think the call for ſupper too early.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

MR. BILL. We laſt night left Robinſon and his companion on the watch, to obſerve whatever might be going forward on the outſide of the barricade. They continued on guard till it was almoſt night; but

but having perceived no enemy, nor heard any voice for ſome hours, it ſeemed very probable, that the ſavages, diſappointed in their ſearch, had returned to their canoes, and were gone back to their own iſland. They laid down their arms, therefore, and Robinſon brought out ſomething for ſupper.

As this day, ſo particularly remarkable in the adventures of our hero, happened to be a Friday, he reſolved, in ſome meaſure, to perpetuate the remembrance both of the day and the events which diſtinguiſhed it, by giving to the ſavage, whoſe life he had ſaved, the name of Friday.

Till now, Robinſon had ſcarce time to look at him with attention. He was a well-made young man, about twenty years of age; his complexion was ſwarthy, his hair black and long, not woolly like that of the negroes; his noſe was ſhort, though not very flat, his lips ſmall, and his teeth as white as ivory. In his ears he wore various feathers and ſhells, an ornament on

which he ſeemed to lay no ſmall value; in other reſpects he was naked.

Robinſon, who had a proper regard for decency, would not go to ſupper, though hunger called him preſſingly, until he had fitted a ſkin for his new gueſt, which ſerved him by way of apron. He then made ſigns to him to ſit down beſide him and eat his ſupper. Friday, as we ſhall now call him, approaches Robinſon with all the tokens imaginable of reſpect and gratitude; he falls down on his face before him, and places the foot of his deliverer on his own neck, as he had done before.

Robinſon, whoſe heart could ſcarce contain his joy on having found at length a companion and a friend, which he had ſo long and earneſtly wiſhed for, would have been glad to expreſs it by a thouſand marks of kindneſs; but, not knowing the character of his new gueſt, he thought it prudent, for his own ſecurity, to keep him in a ſtate of reſpectful ſubjection, to receive his homage as due to him, and, in a word, to act as his

ſove-

ſovereign for ſome time. He made him, therefore, underſtand by ſigns that he would take him under his protection, but on condition of perfect obedience; that he ſhould perform whatever he was ordered, and abſtain from every thing which he, his lord and maſter, ſhould, of his good will and pleaſure, forbid him. While he inſtructed him thus by ſigns, he pronounced the word *Cacique*. Fortunately he remembered to have once heard that the ſavages of South America call their chiefs and princes by that name.

By this word Friday underſtood, much better than by the ſigns which accompanied it, what his maſter meant; and, to ſhew that he accepted the condition of obeying, he repeated the word *Cacique* ſeveral times with a loud voice, intimating that he applied it to Robinſon, and fell down proſtrate at his feet once more. To ſignify what reſpect he bore to the royal authority, he put a ſpear into Robinſon's hands, and fixed the point againſt his own breaſt, ſhewing and acknowledging thereby that his maſter had

the power of life and death over him. Robinſon, with the dignity of a monarch, held out his hand to him, aſſuring him of his protection, and ordered him again to ſit down beſide him and eat his ſupper. Friday, out of reſpect, ſat down on the ground, while Robinſon was placed on a ſeat of turf.

Here, my dears, you may ſee an example of the firſt beginning of kingly power in the world. Men, who excelled others in wiſdom, ſtrength, and courage, were the firſt kings. Weak men implored the protection and help of the ſtronger, either to defend them from the danger of wild beaſts, which were, in early times, more numerous than at preſent, or to ſecure themſelves againſt the injuſtice of violent men. In return, they promiſed to ſubmit entirely to them, and to pay them every year a certain part of their fruits and flocks, that the protectors, not having to provide for their own ſubſiſtence, might be wholly at leiſure to defend their ſubjects. This yearly payment, which the ſubjects obliged themſelves to make good to

their

their king, was called by the name of *tribute*, *impoſt*, *public taxes*, and the like. Such is the origin both of the power and riches which all the different ſorts of rulers in the world enjoy, and of the duty and ſubmiſſion which their ſubjects pay them.

Robinſon was now, therefore, in effect a king. The iſland was his kingdom, his lamas and his fruits were his treaſure, and Friday his ſubject; his only one, it is true, but a valuable one. His parrot was the only courtier that he had, and almoſt uſeleſs in that character. Nevertheleſs, his majeſty of the iſland vouchſafed to deſcend even to his vaſſal as far as his dignity would permit him.

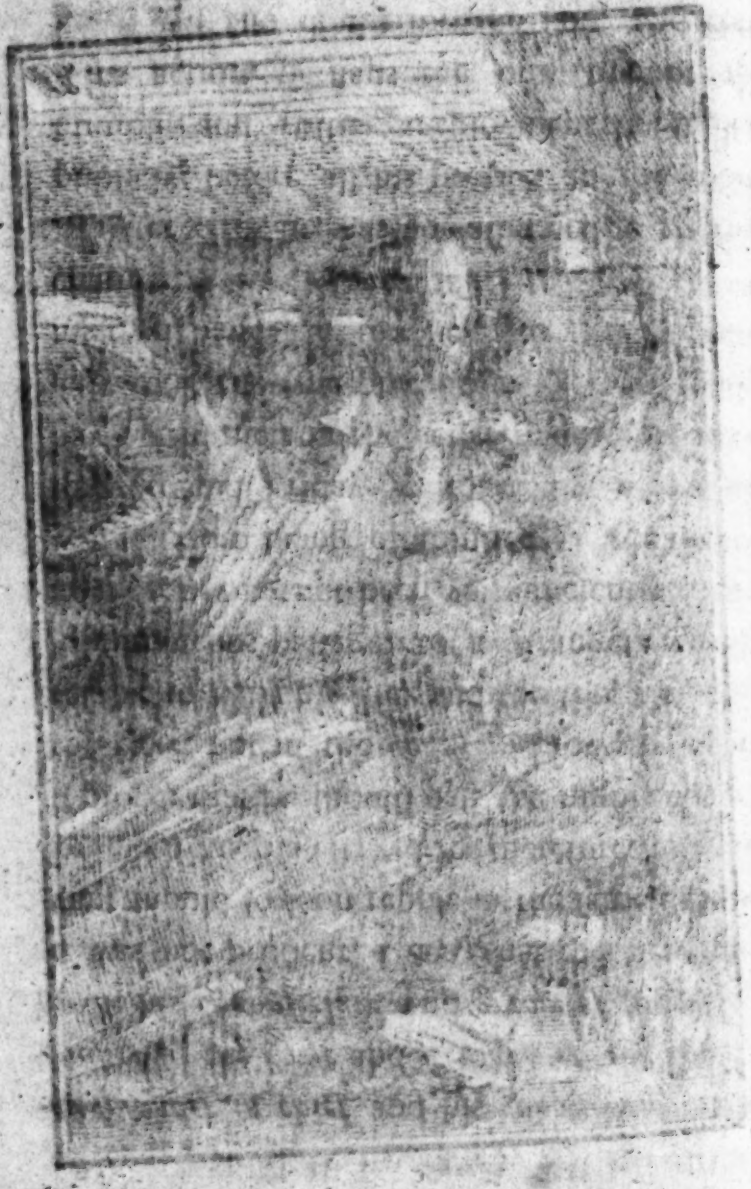
Henry. What is a vaſſal?

Mr. Bill. The ſame as a ſlave.—After ſupper, it pleaſed his majeſty very graciouſly to give orders concerning every thing that he choſe to have obſerved in the ceremony of going to bed. It was not prudent that Friday, who had been ſo lately advanced to the ſtations of his *ſubject* and *prime miniſter*, his

commander in chief and his *whole army*, his *maſter of the horſe* and *ſteward of the houſe-hold*, his *chamberlain* and *groom of the ſtole*; it was not prudent, I ſay, that this new ſervant ſhould ſo ſoon repoſe in the ſame chamber with his majeſty. He, therefore, judged it proper that he ſhould paſs the night, not in the cave, but in the cellar. How could he reſolve to truſt his life, and the ſecret of the ſubterraneous paſſage, to a ſtranger, whoſe fidelity, having not been yet ſufficiently tried, was far from being eſtabliſhed? He therefore ordered Friday to make up a bed of hay for himſelf in the cellar, whilſt his majeſty took the wiſe precaution to carry, with his own hands, all the weapons into his bed-chamber.

Afterwards he was not aſhamed to appear publicly, before all his people, in the moſt humble and ruſtic employment poſſible. This action, perhaps the only one of its kind, will no doubt ſurpriſe you, and you would hardly believe it, if I did not aſſure you that it is found in clear and expreſs

terms



terms in the annals of Robinſon's reign, which have been made public to the whole world many years ago. Robinſon Cruſoe, king of a whole iſland, abſolute maſter of the life and death of all his ſubjects, did not bluſh, in the leaſt, to deſcend, in the preſence of Friday, to a ſervile office. He went to the lamas that were kept in his encloſure, and with his own kingly hands began to milk them. It was meant for the inſtruction of his prime miniſter, and to ſhew him how to do the ſame, as he intended, for the future, to commit the care of this buſineſs to him.

Friday, with all his attention, could not underſtand what his maſter was doing; for neither he nor his ſtupid countrymen had ever ſuſpected that the milk of animals might be proper food for man, and as wholeſome as it was nouriſhing. He had never taſted any, and was agreeably ſurpriſed at the ſweetneſs of it, when Robinſon perſuaded him to put ſome to his lips for a trial.

After

After the fatigues which they had ſuffered during the day, they both found themſelves in want of repoſe. Robinſon, therefore, ordered his ſlave to go to the place of reſt which he had pointed out to him, and lay down himſelf, bleſſing Heaven for having, in one day, preſerved him from ſo many dangers, and given him one of his fellow-creatures to be his companion, and, perhaps, his friend.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

RICHARD. I am curious to know what Robinſon will undertake now with his man Friday.

Edw. Now that he has aſſiſtance, he will be able to perform many things which he could not before.

Mr. Bill.

Mr. Bill. My dear children, you will ſee every day more clearly what great advantages man derives from ſociety, and what reaſon we have to thank Heaven for having ſo deeply engraven on our hearts the inclination that leads us to ſeek the company and friendſhip of our fellow-creatures.

The firſt thing that Robinſon did the next morning, was to go with Friday and examine the ſpot where the ſavages had held their abominable feaſt the day before. In their walk, they came to the place where the two Indians were buried, whom they had ſlain the day before. Friday pointed it out to his maſter, and plainly hinted that he was deſirous of digging up the dead bodies and ſatisfying his unnatural appetite upon them. Robinſon, with a look of deteſtation and horror, ſhewed him how much he diſliked ſuch an inclination, and, lifting up his ſpear in a threatening manner, ſignified to him that he would run it through his body if ever he touched them. Friday under-

underſtood his maſter's threatening, and ſubmitted without heſitation to his orders; yet he could not conceive why he was forbidden to taſte a ſort of food, of which, from his earlieſt youth, he had always been extremely fond.

They ſoon arrived at the place of the feaſt. What a ſight! The ground ſtained with blood! Bones ſcattered about! Robinſon turns his eyes away from it, and ordered Friday immediately to make a hole, and bury theſe loathſome remains of barbarous voracity.

While Friday was at work, according to his orders, Robinſon was carefully ſtirring the aſhes backwards and forwards, in the hopes of finding ſome fire ſtill amongſt them: but to no purpoſe; the whole was extinguiſhed, much to Robinſon's diſſatisfaction, who, next to the valuable gift which Heaven had lately made him in his companion, had now ſcarce any thing left to wiſh for, except a fire. While he hung his head and looked ſorrowfully upon theſe aſhes, the remains

mains of fire totally extinguiſhed, Friday, ſeeing him ſo melancholy, made ſeveral ſigns which Robinſon did not at all comprehend; then he ſnatches up the hatchet, flies off like lightning, darts into the wood, and leaves Robinſon, who knew not his deſign, in the greateſt aſtoniſhment poſſible.

Having followed him with his eyes as long as he could, "What can this mean?" ſaid he; "Can the ungrateful fellow intend to forſake me? Can he be treacherous enough to take poſſeſſion of my dwelling-place, and keep me out of it by force? Or would he have the barbarity to deliver me up by ſtratagem to his ſavage countrymen?"—Horrid thought!—Tranſported with rage, he ſeizes his ſpear, and ſets out in purſuit of the ungrateful traitor, at once to puniſh and prevent his baſe attempts. Already he was running full ſpeed, when, ſuddenly, he perceived Friday returning as faſt. Robinſon ſtops in a ſurpriſe; he ſees, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, the imaginary traitor holding up in the air a ſmall bundle of dried graſs,

which

which first appeared to smoke, and then to be on fire. Friday throws it down, and hastily gathers round it other grass and dried branches, and kindles a bright clear fire, which fills Robinson with joy and astonishment. He then understood the reason of Friday's sudden absence. Not able to contain his joy, he flies, with transport, to Friday, embraces him with ardour and affection, and, in his own mind, asks him pardon, a thousand times, for the injurious suspicions that he had entertained of him.

Edw. But where could Friday have found fire?

Mr. Bill. He had hastened into the wood on purpose to cut two dry branches. These he had rubbed together with such dexterity and dispatch, that they took fire quickly. He then wrapped them up in dry grass, and, running swiftly with this bundle held up in the air, the fire soon kindled the grass, and broke out in a blaze.

Mr. Mered. Here, again, Robinson appears to me to be very much to blame.

Rich.

Rich. In what reſpect, pray?

Mr. Mered. In this; that, without having any ſufficient proof of Friday's treachery, he forms, in an inſtant, the blackeſt ſuſpicion of him. How is it poſſible to be ſo exceſſively diſtruſtful?

Rich. What he feared might very well be true; ſo that he had a right to be upon his guard againſt Friday.

Mr. Mered. Underſtand me right, my dear little friend. I do not blame him either for thinking it poſſible that he was betrayed by Friday, or for running after him to prevent the fatal deſigns that he might have formed. This precaution was allowable, nay neceſſary, with reſpect to a perſon totally unknown to him. But what I am angry with him for, is, that he never doubted a moment the truth of his odious ſuſpicions; that he ſuffered himſelf to be tranſported with rage; that he was ſo wholly maſtered by this paſſion, as never even once to think that Friday's intentions might be harmleſs. Now, our diſtruſt of

other

other men ſhould never go ſo far as that, unleſs we had already received certain proofs of their treachery. In a doubtful caſe, let us ſee the evil of another man—till then let us judge well of him.

Mr. Bill. A good maxim. Attend to it, my dear children, that you may put it in practice hereafter.

Robinſon, as I told you, was tranſported with joy to find his ill ſuſpicions groundleſs, and himſelf once more in poſſeſſion of fire, of which he had been ſo long deprived, and which he had ſo long and ſo earneſtly wiſhed for. He delights to behold the waving motion of the flames. At laſt he ſnatches up a burning branch, and haſtens with Friday to the cave.

He inſtantly lights up a large fire, and places potatoes round it to roaſt. He next runs to his flock, chuſes out a young lama, kills it, and, having ſkinned and cut it up, puts a quarter of it on the ſpit, which he inſtructs Friday how to turn.

While he is thus employed, Robinſon cuts

cuts off a piece from the breaſt of the lama. He then peels a few potatoes, bruiſes and grinds ſome maize between two flat ſtones to make flour of it, and puts the whole into one of his pots, which, after he had poured in a ſufficient quantity of water, not forgetting ſalt, he ſets over the fire.

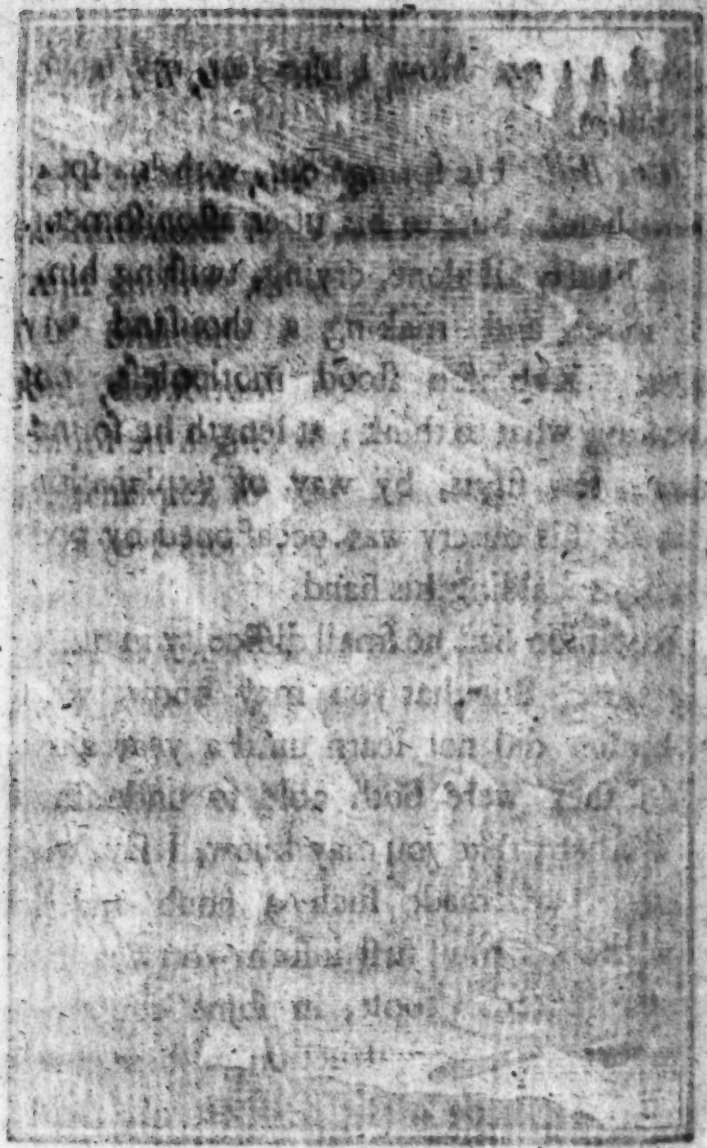
Geo. I know what he was going to make —ſome broth.

Mr. Bill. The very thing. He had not taſted any for eight years paſt. You may gueſs how much he longed for ſome.

Friday looked on while all theſe preparations were making, but did not underſtand to what purpoſe they were made. He was acquainted, indeed, with the cuſtom of roaſting meat; but, as to all the reſt of Robinſon's cookery, he was entirely in the dark. He knew not even the effect which fire would produce on a veſſel full of water. The pot began to boil juſt as Robinſon went into the cave upon ſome occaſion or other. Friday, ſurpriſed at this odd appearance, had no idea what could thus put the

the water in motion. But when he ſaw it bubble up and boil over the ſides, he imagined, in the ſimplicity of his heart, that there muſt be ſome living creature at the bottom of the pot, which occaſioned this tumult in the water; and, therefore, leſt it ſhould boil away entirely, he put his hand in to ſeize the creature, whatever it was; but, inſtead of finding that, he feels ſomething which made him roar loud enough to ſhake the whole hillock.

Robinſon was ſtartled, on hearing him cry out. His firſt notion was that the ſavages had ſurpriſed them, and that Friday was already taken. Fear, and the natural inſtinct of ſelf-preſervation, urged him to eſcape, and ſave his life by the ſecret paſſage under ground; but he quickly rejected this idea, conſidering how baſe it would be thus to abandon his ſubject, or rather friend. Without heſitating, therefore, he ſallied forth from the cave, firmly reſolved to ſhed the laſt drop of his blood, if neceſſary,



ceſſary, in reſcuing Friday, once more, from the hands of his barbarous enemies.

Mr. Mered. Now I like you, my friend Robinſon.

Mr. Bill. He ſprings out, with his ſpear in his hand; but, to his utter aſtoniſhment, finds Friday all alone, crying, twiſting himſelf about, and making a thouſand wry faces. Robinſon ſtood motionleſs, not knowing what to think; at length he found, after a few ſigns, by way of explanation, that all this outcry was occaſioned by poor Friday's ſcalding his hand.

Robinſon had no ſmall difficulty in quieting him. But that you may know, what Robinſon did not learn until a year after, when they were both able to underſtand each other; that you may know, I ſay, why Friday had made ſuch a noiſe and ſo much ado, I muſt firſt inform you what notions ignorant people, in ſome countries, who have had no inſtruction in their childhood, commonly entertain when an accident

happens to them of which they know not the reaſon.

These poor people imagine that ſome inviſible being, or ſome ſpirit, is the cauſe of every thing for which they cannot aſſign a reaſon. According to them, this ſpirit never does any thing but by the orders of a perſon to whoſe ſervice it is bound. They diſtinguiſh, by a particular name, thoſe whom they ſuppoſe to poſſeſs ſuch a power over one or more ſpirits; if it be a man, they call him a conjurer; if a woman, a witch.

For inſtance, in ſome places, if an ignorant countryman has either of his cattle fall ſuddenly ill, and cannot gueſs its diſorder, he, perhaps, will be weak enough to think that ſome old perſon in the neighbourhood has bewitched the beaſt; that is, made it fall ſick by means of an evil ſpirit.

Charlotte. Yes, papa; juſt ſo Nanny, our dairy-maid, ſaid the other day, when one of the cows went dry all of a ſudden.

Mr. Bill. My dear Charlotte, you ſhould

try

try to convince the poor girl of her error; it will certainly be better for her to be undeceived.

If, on the one hand, ignorant people give credit to these silly notions, there are not wanting, on the other, impostors who turn such credulity to their own advantage, and cunningly trick those out of their money who are so weak as to believe in witchcraft, or conjuring: for, by pretending to the art, they confirm the others in the notion that there is really such a thing. Under the name of conjurers and fortune-tellers, they promise, with an air of confident gravity, to break the charm, and force the evil spirit to loose its hold; but they always demand, for their trouble, a certain recompense, which is to be paid them beforehand. In return for this, they amuse their employers with empty words, ridiculous grimaces, unmeaning gestures, and nonsensical mummery. If the beast's illness ceases of its own accord, the fortune-teller triumphs, and the credulous man, whom he

has deceived, is diſpoſed, more than ever, to be the dupe of ſuch impoſture. On the contrary, if the ſickneſs gets the better, and the beaſt dies, the conjurer will, by his evaſions and unintelligible cant, impoſe on the ignorant owner, who will afterwards be as ready as ever to conſult a fortune-teller upon the ſame occaſion.

In proportion as men's underſtandings are narrowed by prejudice and darkened by ignorance, the more they are inclined to this ridiculous ſuperſtition: you may imagine, therefore, that it is pretty generally received amongſt ſavage nations. Whatever croſs accidents happen to them, of which their weak reaſon cannot point out the cauſe, they attribute them to evil ſpirits; and this was exactly Friday's caſe.

He had never heard it ſaid, nor diſcovered by his own experience, that water could be made to boil; nor had he ever felt the effect of it in that ſtate, by putting his hand into it; ſo that he could not conceive whence that acute and ſudden pain proceeded, which

he

he felt on touching the boiling water, and, therefore, firmly believed that there was enchantment in it, and that Robinſon was a conjurer.

I am going to put you on your guard, my dear children, that you may not be deceived in theſe matters. You will often, in the courſe of your lives, have occaſion to ſee effects of which you will not be able to diſcover the cauſes. You will meet with jugglers, perſons who deal in ſlight of hand, who will frequently ſurpriſe you with the ingenious tricks and devices that they ſhew, but oftener by the dexterity with which they perform them. For inſtance, they will change, to all appearance, a bird into a mouſe; they will cut a bird's head off, and afterwards ſhew it to you alive and well; in ſhort, they will perform ſeveral tricks of the ſame nature, and you ſhall never be able, with the greateſt attention, to find out the manner of performing them. If, on ſuch occaſions, you ſhould be tempted to believe that there is witchcraft in the

matter, remember Friday, and be aſſured that you are in the ſame error with him, and take that for ſupernatural, which, when explained, appears perfectly natural and eaſy. But, to give you a proper idea of this ſubject, we will, at ſome convenient opportunity, ſhew you one or two of theſe tricks, and, at the ſame time, explain to you how they are performed, that you may be able to form a judgment of all others of the ſame nature.

Robinſon, as I told you before, did not eaſily ſucceed in comforting Friday, and perſuading him to take his place again at the ſpit. He conſented to it, however, at laſt, but could not help looking ſtill at the pot with a mixture of curioſity and horror. As to Robinſon, whom he took for a ſupernatural being, he could not lift his eyes towards him without ſhewing the moſt timorous reſpect. What confirmed him in his opinion was his maſter's ruddy complexion and long beard, which gave him an appear-

ance ſo different from that of Friday and his tawny, beardleſs countrymen.

Edw. Have the ſavages of South America no beard?

Mr. Bill. No; and it has been long thought that they were beardleſs by nature. But ſome pretend lately to have obſerved that the reaſon of their ſeeming to have no beard, is their taking the greateſt care imaginable to pluck it up as it grows.

But the broth, the potatoes, and the roaſt meat, were now ready. As they had no ſpoons, Robinſon poured out the broth in two pipkins, but nothing could induce Friday ſo much as to taſte it; he had not the leaſt doubt of its being an enchanted liquor. It made him ſhudder to ſee Robinſon ſup it with ſo much appearance of ſatisfaction; but he helped himſelf to the roaſt meat and potatoes, which made him amends.

You may eaſily imagine how delicious theſe nouriſhing victuals, dreſt properly on the fire, muſt ſeem to Robinſon. They made him forget all his paſt troubles and

hardſhips. He imagined himſelf not in a deſert iſland, but tranſported to ſome populous country. Thus Providence, in an inſtant, by a flow of unexpected happineſs, cures thoſe wounds which have been made in our hearts, and which, though intended for our good, the ſenſe of preſent pain makes us ever regard as the moſt incurable evils. I hardly need tell you, that Robinſon, in that happy moment, remembered the Giver of all good Things, and thanked him from the bottom of his heart.

The meal being finiſhed, Robinſon retired to meditate ſeriouſly on the happy change of his ſituation. Every thing round him wore a more ſmiling face. He was no longer ſolitary; he had a companion, with whom, it is true, he was not able to converſe as yet; but the very company of this man was ſome ſatisfaction to him, and promiſed to afford him the moſt valuable aſſiſtance. Beſides, being no longer deprived of fire, he might enjoy as wholeſome and agreeable victuals as he could wiſh.

" What

"What is there to hinder you now," said he, "from living contented and happy? Enjoy in peace the many benefits which you have received from Heaven. You have fruits in abundance, and a numerous flock, which will always be more than sufficient to furnish your table with whatever you desire. Make amends to yourself now, by ease and good cheer, for the fatigues you have suffered, and the scantiness of your provisions for these several years past. Let Friday, who is young and stout, work for you. His services you have a right to claim, as you have saved his life at the risk of your own."

Here an idea occurred to him which totally changed the complexion of his thoughts.

"But," said he to himself, "what, if you were very soon to see an end of all this prosperity? If Friday were to die? If your fire were to go out again?" This reflection made his blood curdle with horror.

"And if, moreover, by being accustomed to an easy, delicate, inactive life, you

were to render yourself incapable of supporting a hard, solitary, and laborious way of living, such as you have already experienced? If you should be forced to return to it?"—He sighed heavily.

"To what, then, are you principally indebted for getting rid of the many faults and weaknesses which once disgraced you? Is it not to the sober and laborious life which circumstances forced you to pursue? And now, by indulging yourself in sensuality and idleness, you would run the risk of losing that health and strength of body and mind which temperance and exercise have procured you. Heaven forbid!"——With these words, he rose hastily, and walked about in a thoughtful mode before the mouth of his cave. Mean time, Friday put away the remains of the dinner, and, by his master's order, went to milk the lamas.

Robinson continued to reason with himself. "If you were to renounce labour and temperance, you would soon forget both the adversity which you surmounted,

and

and the friendly hand which aſſiſted you. Very ſoon you would become ungrateful, preſumptuous, and, perhaps, impious." Horrid idea! and falling on his face to the ground, he prayed to be preſerved from ſo dreadful a ſtate of depravation. This led him to take a reſolution as prudent as it was unalterable.

"I will," ſaid he, "partake of the gifts of Heaven, but always with the greateſt temperance. The moſt ſimple victuals ſhall be my favourite food, let my proviſions be ever ſo abundant and various. I will perſevere in my labours with the ſame aſſiduity, though they will no longer be ſo neceſſary to me as formerly. One day in each week I will live on the ſame cold victuals with which I have hitherto ſubſiſted myſelf; and the laſt day of each month I will confine myſelf to the ſame ſolitude as I have experienced ever ſince I have been on this iſland. I will ſend Friday to my country ſeat, and he ſhall paſs that day there."

Having formed theſe reſolutions of ſelf-denial, he felt the pleaſing and pure ſatisfac-

tion which ever accompanies the efforts that we make to attain a higher degree of perfection. He foreſaw the happy conſequences of theſe voluntary ſacrifices; his countenance, therefore, becoming more ſerene, ſpoke the pleaſing ſentiments of a heart overflowing with joy. But he was ſufficiently acquainted, from experience, with the inconſtancy of the human heart, not to be on his guard againſt the ficklenes of his own. He thought it beſt to make ſome viſible mark, which, frequently meeting his eyes, might make him recollect his laudable reſolutions every day. For this purpoſe, he engraved, with his hatchet, in the rock over the entrance of his cave, theſe words—*Labour and Temperance.*

My dear children, I give you until to-morrow to reflect upon theſe inſtructive particulars in the life of our friend Robinſon. Try if you cannot find ſome amongſt them, which you would do well to imitate. You will communicate your thoughts to me, and I will alſo acquaint you with mine.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

ROBINSON had never been in ſo happy a ſituation ſince his arrival on the iſland as he was now. The only thing that remained to trouble him, was his apprehenſion leſt the ſavages ſhould return to ſeek for their two countrymen, in which caſe he might probably be expoſed to the neceſſity of ſhedding blood. He ſhuddered at the thought of being reduced, once more, to the dreadful choice of either deſtroying his fellow-creatures or periſhing cruelly himſelf.

Things being, therefore, in this ſituation, it was incumbent on him to labour for his ſecurity, and put himſelf into a ſtate of defence. He had long been deſirous of fortifying his habitation ſtill more; but, while he was alone, the execution of this deſign appeared impoſſible. Now, with the aſ-

ſiſtance

ſiſtance of a companion, he thought himſelf capable of undertaking it. He mounts, therefore, to the top of his hillock, to form a plan of further fortification, which he very ſoon did, as his ſituation enabled him to have the whole ground under his eyes at one view. He reſolved, therefore, on the outſide of the barricade of trees which encloſed his habitation, to dig a broad deep trench, the inner bank of which ſhould be defended with a ſtrong row of paling.

He, moreover, conceived the deſign of dividing the neighbouring rivulet into two branches, one of which ſhould run in this trench, and the other through the middle of the encloſed ſpace before his cave, that, in caſe of a ſiege, he might not be in want of water.

It was not eaſy to make Friday comprehend, by ſigns, the whole of this plan; but as ſoon as he had ſome idea of it, he ran to the ſea-ſide, and came back loaded with great ſhells, and with flat and ſharp ſtones, fit to ſerve for digging. They both, therefore, fell to work immediately.

I dare

I dare ſay you can eaſily imagine that this was no ſlight undertaking. The trench, to be of any uſe, muſt be, at leaſt, ſix feet deep and eight broad; the length might be about four ſcore or one hundred yards.

To execute ſuch an undertaking as this without any inſtrument of iron—no pickaxe—no ſhovel—think what a difficulty it muſt be. Beſides, it required little leſs than four hundred pales; to cut theſe and ſhape them with only one hatchet of ſtone, was a laborious taſk. Laſtly, in order to turn the rivulet into this trench, there was a neceſſity of digging a canal, which, in one place, muſt croſs a riſing ground; and this, to crown the difficulty of the work, it was abſolutely neceſſary to cut through.

All theſe obſtacles did not diſcourage our friend Robinſon, who had taken a reſolution that was not to be ſhaken. By leading a life of temperance and continual labour, he was, in the execution of difficult undertakings, maſter of a degree of courage which is not poſſeſſed by men brought up in idleneſs,

neſs, uſed to delicate living, and enervated by effeminacy. *With God's help, and with perſeverance,* was his motto, in beginning a work of labour and time; and, you know, when once he was determined on a matter, he never reſted until he had completely finiſhed it.

He was the ſame on this occaſion. Friday and he worked every day with equal pleaſure and earneſtneſs, from ſunriſe to ſunſet; ſo that, in ſpite of the awkwardneſs of their inſtruments, they advanced the work every day ſurpriſingly. Fortunately, during two whole months the ſavages never appeared; a contrary wind hindered them from coming over to Robinſon's iſland. All this time he was able to work without being obliged to take any precautions againſt the fear of an attack.

Robinſon, who was earneſtly deſirous of being able to converſe with Friday, took the opportunity to teach him a few words of Engliſh every day, while they were both employed at work; and Friday, on his part,

was

was ſo attentive, that in a ſhort time he made a conſiderable progreſs. Robinſon took the moſt natural and eaſy way to communicate the language to him: whenever it could conveniently be done, he placed the object before his eyes, and then pronounced the name of it diſtinctly; but when it was neceſſary to communicate the names of things which could not be made perceptible in this manner, Robinſon accompanied the name with geſtures and ſigns ſo expreſſive that Friday could not poſſibly miſunderſtand. And, by theſe means, in leſs than ſix months he was able to explain himſelf tolerably well in Engliſh.

This was a freſh addition to Robinſon's happineſs. Hitherto Friday had been no better than a dumb man to him; now they are able to communicate their thoughts to each other as friends. How frivolous did the pleaſure ſeem which Robinſon uſed to enjoy in the ſenſeleſs chatter of his parrot, in compariſon to the real ſatisfaction which he felt at preſent!

The

The more he knew Friday the more he liked him. The young man was frank and good-natured, and had the greateſt affection poſſible for his maſter: ſo that Robinſon grew fonder of him every day, and made him take ſhare of his cave, that they might paſs the nights together.

In leſs than two months they finiſhed the trench; and now they ſaw themſelves capable of defying the ſavages, or even of beating them off ſhould they venture to attack them; for before any one of them could croſs the trench and the paling, it was an eaſy matter for the two beſieged to ſend an arrow or a ſpear through his body. They looked upon themſelves, therefore, as ſufficiently guarded againſt all danger of this ſort.

Robinſon and Friday, being one day near the ſea-ſide upon a riſing ground, from whence they had an extenſive proſpect all over the ſea, perceived, at a diſtance, ſome iſlands, which appeared like ſmall clouds. Friday fixed his eyes attentively on that quarter. All of a ſudden he ſtarts up, falls a dancing,

dancing, and throws himſelf into ſo many extravagant attitudes, that Robinſon thought he was ſeized with a ſudden frenzy. "Good! good!" cried he, ſtill continuing to ſkip about. Robinſon aſked him the cauſe of this extraordinary tranſport. "Yonder is my country!" anſwered he, almoſt breathleſs with joy; "that is where my people live!" His countenance, his eyes, his geſtures, all expreſſed the love which he bore his country, and his deſire to ſee it once more. Robinſon was not at all pleaſed with this diſpoſition of Friday's: it was certainly a laudable one, as it ſhewed that he loved his country, his friends, and his relations; nevertheleſs, Robinſon feared leſt he ſhould leave him ſome day or other, and return to his own iſland. In order to be certified on this head, he reſolved to ſound his intentions, and, therefore, began the following converſation, which will ſhew you the excellent diſpoſition of Friday.

Robinſon. Would you be glad, then, to return

return to your countrymen, and live amongſt them?

Friday. Oh, yes; I ſhould be very glad to ſee them again.

Rob. Perhaps you long to eat man's fleſh with them again?

Frid. No, certainly. I would teach them not to be ſavages, but to live on milk and the fleſh of animals, and, above all, to abſtain from eating men.

Rob. But, perhaps, they would eat yourſelf?

Frid. No, they will never do ſo.

Rob. And yet they have devoured many men, and will many more ſtill.

Frid. Ay, but only their enemies.

Rob. Could you make a canoe that would carry you to them?

Frid. Yes, certainly.

Rob. Well, then, make one, and ſet out when you pleaſe.—How! you look down! What is the matter with you? Why do you look ſo ſorrowful?

Frid.

Frid. Becauſe my dear maſter is angry with me.

Rob. Angry! What makes you think ſo?

Frid. Becauſe he wants to ſend me away.

Rob. Well, but did not you wiſh juſt now to be in your own country?

Frid. Yes; but if my maſter does not go there, I will not go—no—no more.

Rob. Your people would take me for an enemy and eat me, ſo that you muſt go by yourſelf.—But, what is the meaning of this? Why do you draw the hatchet from my ſide, and put it into my hand? Why do you lay down your head, and ſtretch out your neck? What would you have me do?

Frid. Kill me: I would rather die than be ſent away from you.

Saying theſe words he ſhed a flood of tears.

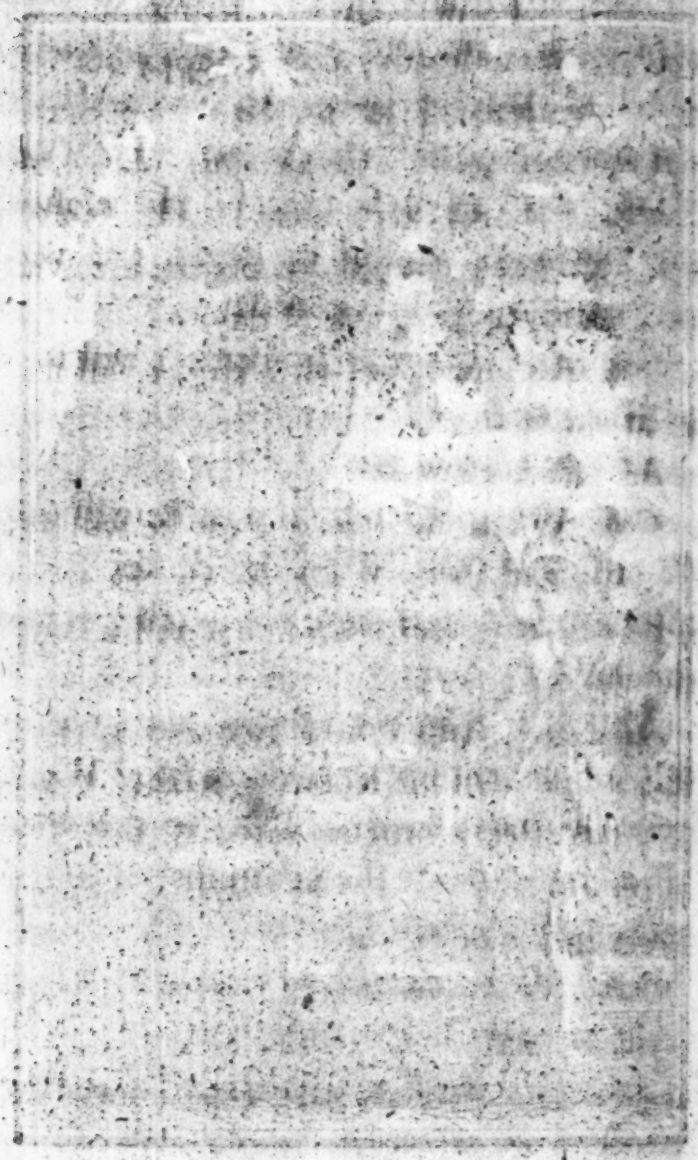
Robinſon was melted with tenderneſs, and embraced him. Be comforted, my dear Friday; I love you too well to wiſh a ſeparation from you: what I ſaid was only to try you, and to know if your friendſhip was

equal

equal to mine. Theſe tears of joy and affection which you ſee me ſhed, are pledges of my ſincerity. Come to my arms once more. Let us dry up our tears, and never part.

To diſſipate the ſorrowful ideas that he had excited in Friday's mind, he ſpoke to him again of a canoe, and aſked him ſeveral queſtions upon that ſubject. Being ſatisfied with his anſwers, he took him by the hand, and led him to ſee the canoe that he had begun ſome years ago. Friday, on examining it, laughed heartily to find the work ſo little advanced for the time. The tree was ſcarce cut into the third part of its thickneſs. Robinſon aſked him what fault he found in the work. Friday anſwered, that he could ſee a vaſt deal of time had been loſt, and labour thrown away, which might have been ſpared; for that a tree like this could be hollowed in a few days with fire, and that much better than by any other means whatſoever. At theſe words Robinſon was tranſported with joy; he fancied the canoe already finiſhed;

he



he fancied himſelf already ſailing in it on the open ſea; already, after a happy voyage, he fancied himſelf landed on the continent, and converſing with Europeans. How delightful were all theſe ideas! He reſolved that the work ſhould be begun the very next morning by break of day.

Geo. Ah! then, our amuſement will ſoon be at an end.

Mr. Bill. How ſo?

Geo. When he has a boat he will ſoon ſet ſail, and then, when he comes home, papa will have nothing more to tell us about Robinſon.

Mr. Bill. And would you not give up that amuſement for Robinſon's ſake? Would you not freely procure him, at that ſmall price, relief from the hardſhips he labours under in his deſert iſle?

Geo. Why, yes—very true—I did not think of that.

Mr. Bill. Beſides, who knows what may happen? Whether he may not be obliged to put off the working at the canoe, or his

own departure? The future is very uncertain; it brings with it ſo many changes, that, for the moſt part, it deceives our expectations. We often ſee our beſt founded hopes diſappointed, and it is the part of wiſdom to expect and be prepared for theſe viciſſitudes.

Robinſon, who had experienced them ſeveral times already, returned home, perfectly reſigned to whatever a good and wiſe Providence ſhould order with reſpect to the accompliſhment of his wiſh, being perſuaded that his heavenly Father knew better than he what was for his real intereſt; and ſuch, I hope, would be our way of thinking in ſimilar circumſtances.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

MR. BILL. My dear children, I mentioned to you laſt night, that, in the affairs of life, the beſt founded hopes frequently vaniſh and end in diſappointment. The adventures of Robinſon Cruſoe have furniſhed you with frequent inſtances of this truth, and you have learned, I hope, from them, and the inſtructions that I have given you, to bear calmly whatever events may happen contrary to your expectations. But I have ſomething farther to propoſe to you, while we are upon the ſubject of ſelf-denial, as proper to accompany the practice of that virtue. It is an exerciſe of the greateſt utility, and, with your conſent, I will mention it.

The Children. Oh, yes, papa! yes, papa!

Mr. Bill. If, then, you deſire in the future part of your lives to labour in ſtrengthening

ening your bodies, and exalting the powers of your minds, to the end that you may become diſtinguiſhed characters, and capable of contributing effectually to the happineſs of your fellow-creatures, and thereby to enhance your own, I offer to you, for that purpoſe, the following plan.

I will, on my ſide, read to you, for your inſtruction, the writings of the ancient philoſophers who were preceptors to the illuſtrious perſons whom you ſo much admired when I went over the ancient hiſtory with you. Theſe writings contain the precepts which ſuch philoſophers gave to their ſcholars, and by the obſervance of which their ſcholars became great men. Every week I will write down one of theſe precepts upon a table covered with white paper; I will explain it to you, and ſhew you how, in the courſe of the week, you may acquire, in an eaſy and agreeable manner, the practice of it. Yet, you muſt not expect that this can be done without ſometimes coſting you a ſacrifice: you muſt, at one time,

time, reſolve to deprive yourſelf of a favourite amuſement; at another, to bear with things very diſagreeable. This is the true way to acquire that maſculine courage which is to aſſiſt us in conquering our irregular inclinations, and in preſerving a prudent equanimity upon all occaſions of loſs, diſappointment, and danger. As to us who are advanced in life, we ſhall not be contented with merely pointing out the path to you, we will walk in it ourſelves, and be your guides: in ſhort, we ſhall adviſe you to nothing of which we ſhall not at the ſame time ſhew you the example. What ſay you, my dear children, to this propoſal?

The Children. We agree to it; we agree to it.

Mr. Bill. Very well, then we ſhall begin the firſt convenient day. It is now time to return to Robinſon. What I hinted to you yeſterday merely as poſſible, did, however, happen in reality.

The Children. What was that, papa?

Mr. Bill. I ſaid, that, whatever reaſon Robinſon might have to hope for a probable and ſpeedy departure from his iſland, there might, nevertheleſs, happen ſome unforeſeen obſtacle which would cauſe him to remain on it longer. This obſtacle appeared the very next day.

On that day the rains began, and ſet in with great violence. Robinſon, during his ſtay on the iſland, had remarked that they take place regularly twice a year, and always about the time of the equinoxes. During this rainy ſeaſon, which generally laſted a month or two, it was impoſſible to do any work in the open air, it rained ſo hard and ſo inceſſantly. He had alſo experienced, that nothing was more prejudicial to the health than to go much out of doors, or to get wet during this ſeaſon. What was he to do now? He found it abſolutely neceſſary to put off the building of the boat, and to find ſome employment without going out of his cave.

What a happineſs for Robinſon, during

theſe wet days and the long dark evenings of this ſeaſon, to have fire and light, beſides the company of a friend, with whom, while they were both at work together, he might converſe familiarly, and fill up the wearisome hours with agreeable employment! Formerly, he uſed to paſs theſe dull evenings all alone, in the dark, and without any thing to do; whereas, now, ſitting with Friday before a good fire, and cheared with the light of a lamp, he converſes with a fellow creature, and is not afraid of time hanging heavy upon his hands.

He learned from Friday all the methods which the ſavages have for procuring themſelves any conveniency, and Robinſon, in his turn, taught him a thouſand things of which ſavages have not the leaſt idea. Thus they both enlarged the extent of their knowledge and induſtry. By mutual aſſiſtance, each exerting his particular talent, they ſucceeded in making ſeveral ſmall pieces of work which would have been impoſſible to either of them ſingly; and this convinced them

how infinitely advantageous it is for men to be united by society, and held together, as it were, by the bonds of social affection and love of their fellow-creatures, in comparison to being diſperſed, and wandering on the earth, each by himſelf, like brute beaſts.

Of the bark of trees Friday could make mats of a texture ſufficiently fine and firm at the ſame time to make a ſort of ſtuff proper for cloathing. Robinſon, having learned the manner of this work, made, in conjunction with Friday, a ſtock ſufficient for cloathing them both. And it was no ſmall ſatisfaction to him that he was now able to quit thoſe inconvenient garments made of hard raw hides, which he had hitherto been obliged to wear.

Friday had alſo the art of making cordage out of the ſtringy covering of the cocoa-nut and the bark of plants reſembling flax; and this cordage was far ſuperior to any that Robinſon could make. He had, alſo, a particular method of making nets

with

with thread; an occupation which seemed to render many an evening short that would otherwise have been insupportably tedious.

During these sedentary employments, Robinson took pains to clear up the darkness of his friend's understanding. He endeavoured, particularly, to give him just ideas of the Supreme Being. You will easily judge how great was Friday's ignorance and how gross his errors upon the article of religion, from the following dialogue between Robinson and him.

Robinson. Tell me, Friday, do you know who made the sea, the land, yourself, and all living creatures?

Friday. Oh, yes, very well. *Toupan* made every thing.

Rob. Who is *Toupan?*

Frid. He that makes the thunder.

Rob. Well, then, who is he that makes the thunder?

Frid. It is a very, very old man, that lived before any thing else in the world, and he makes the thunder. He is older than the

sun, moon, or stars, and all the creatures in the world say O to him (that is, according to Friday's meaning, worship him).

Rob. Where do your countrymen go when they die?

Frid. They go to *Toupan.*

Rob. And where is *Toupan*?

Frid. He lives upon the high mountains.

Rob. Has any man ever seen him upon these high mountains?

Frid. None but the Owokakeys (that is, the priests) are allowed to go up to him. They say O to him, and then they bring us word what he says to them.

Rob. Do those enjoy any happiness who go to him after they die?

Frid. Oh, certainly, if they have killed and eaten a great many of their enemies.

Robinson shuddered at this discovery of an opinion as erroneous as it was barbarous, and from that moment he laboured seriously to give him juster notions both of the Supreme Being and of a future

a future state. He taught him, that God is an invisible being, almighty, infinitely wise and good, that he created all things, governs and upholds all things, that he himself is without beginning, is every where present, knows all our thoughts, hears our words, and sees all our actions, that he delights in good and abhors evil, and that he will make happy in this life, and in that which is to come, those who endeavour, with all their heart, and with all their strength, to become better and better every day.

Friday heard these sublime and comforting doctrines with a respectful attention, and lodged them deeply in his memory. As the zeal of the master to instruct was equal to the scholar's desire to learn, the latter was very soon clearly convinced of the principal truths of religion, at least as far as the former was capable of explaining them to him. From that moment Friday esteemed himself infinitely happy in having been transported from his own country to this island; nor did the reflection escape

him, that the intentions of Providence towards him were favourable in ſuffering him to fall into the hands of his enemies, ſince, had it not been for that event, he ſhould never have known Robinſon. "Thus," added he, "I ſhould always have lived in ignorance of the Being who is all-good and all-powerful."

Ever afterwards Robinſon accuſtomed himſelf to pray in Friday's preſence; and it would have been an affecting ſight to ſee with what joy and devotion mixed the poor Indian repeated the words of his maſter's prayers. They were now both of them as happy, in their way of life, as two men can be who are totally ſeparated from the reſt of the human ſpecies.

The dull, rainy ſeaſon paſſed away without appearing heavy to them. The ſky now cleared up, the winds abated, the ſtormy clouds were diſperſed; Robinſon and his companion once more breathed the mild and temperate air of ſpring, and felt their ſpirits enlivened afreſh: they now, there-

...m, that the intentions of Providence to-
...wards him were favourable in suffering him
...to fall into the hands of his enemies, since
...had it not been for that event, he should
...never have known Robinson. "Thus," said he,
...ed he, "I should always have lived in ig-
...norance of the Being who is all-good and
...all-powerful."

Ever afterwards Robinson accustomed
himself to pray in Friday's presence; and it
would have been amazing light to see with
what joy and devotion inspired the poor
Indian repeated the words of his master in
prayers. They were now both of them as
happy in their way of life, as two men can
be who are totally separated from the rest of
the human species.

The dull, rainy season passed away with-
out appearing heavy to them. The sky
now cleared up, the winds abated, the
rainy clouds were dispersed, Robinson
...this companion once more breathed the
...temperate air of spring, and ...

therefore, joyfully ſet about the important work which they had deſigned before the rains came on.

Friday, as being head carpenter in this buſineſs, hollowed the trunk of the tree by means of fire. This method was ſo effectual and expeditious, that Robinſon could not help blaming his own ſtupidity for never having thought of it. But he ſatisfied himſelf by ſaying, "Yet, if I had thought of it, I could not have made uſe of it, as I had no fire."

You will excuſe me from deſcribing to you the daily progreſs that they made in this work, as an account ſo particular would have nothing in it either entertaining or inſtructive. I ſhall only tell you, that the boat, which Robinſon alone would ſcarce have finiſhed in ſeveral years, was entirely completed, with the aſſiſtance of Friday, in two months. Nothing was wanting now but a ſail, which Friday undertook to provide, and oars, which Robinſon promiſed to furniſh.

Rich.

Rich. Ay! how could he make a ſail? He ſhould have cloth for that.

Mr. Bill. He certainly did not know how to make cloth; nor had he a loom; but, as I told you before, he could make mats of the bark of trees, and this matting the ſavages uſe for ſails.

They both finiſhed their taſks nearly at the ſame time; Robinſon the oars, and Friday the ſail. But now, though the canoe was finiſhed, it was ſtill to be launched.

Henry. What is that, papa?

Mr. Bill. Were not you with your uncle once to ſee a ſhip launched at Deptford?

Henry. Oh! yes; I remember.

Mr. Bill. Then you muſt have obſerved, that the ſhip reſts upon a hollow frame of wood-work, which is called the ſtocks. When they ſtrike away the ſide ſtays that keep the veſſel from moving, it ſlides along the frame (which is now called the ſtanchions) into the water; and this is termed launching a ſhip.

Unfor-

Unfortunately, the place where they had made the boat was more than half a mile from the sea-side. How were they to get it thither? Must they carry it, or drag it, or roll it along? Each of these ways seemed equally impracticable; the canoe was too heavy to be so managed. What are they to do? Here they were at a full stop; how were they to get over it?

Edw. Why, Robinson need only have made a couple of levers, like that with which he rolled two great pieces of rock out of his cave when he was all alone.

Mr. Bill. He had not forgot the use that might be made of so simple an instrument; in fact, he had recourse to it upon this occasion; but the method was so tedious, that Robinson expected to be a month before he should convey the canoe to the sea-side. Fortunately, he thought of another method, to the full as simple, which is used by carpenters and other tradesmen in Europe, for carrying the heaviest burthens. They use rollers for the purpose.

Henry.

Henry. What are rollers?

Mr. Bill. They are pieces of wood made long and round, ſomething like a rolling-ſtone. They are placed under the loads which are to be conveyed from one place to another. A man puſhes the load at one end, which yields without much reſiſtance, and moves on towards the place whither it is to be conveyed, the rollers turning under it all the while, as if of themſelves.

Robinſon no ſooner made triel of this method, but he was highly pleaſed to ſee with what eaſe and diſpatch the boat could be moved along, and in two days time it was launched in the ſea. His joy was doubled when he ſaw that it ſailed with the greateſt ſteadineſs.

It only remained now to make preparations for their departure, that is, to lay in a ſtock of proviſions, as much as the boat could carry, and then to ſet ſail, both being equally eager to begin the voyage. But where were they to go? Friday's wiſhes were to return to his native iſland; Robinſon,

ſon, for his part, would have been glad to land on the continent of South America, where he hoped to meet either with Spaniards or other Europeans. Friday's iſland was only about four miles off, and the continent was more than a dozen or fourteen. If they landed firſt on his iſland, they went ſome miles farther off from the continent, and, by ſo doing, encreaſed the danger of ſailing thither afterwards. Friday knew nothing of the ſea thereabouts, but barely to ſail towards his own iſland; he was quite unacquainted with the paſſage to the continent, and Robinſon knew it no better, having never ſailed upon theſe ſeas.

At length Robinſon's uncertainty gave place to a fixed deſire of ſeeking to land on ſome civilized country. In ſpite of all Friday's objections, and whatever he could urge, it was determined that they ſhould prepare to depart the next morning, and ſet ſail, under God's protection, with the firſt favourable wind, for that quarter where Friday expected

expected the neareſt part of the continent lay.

But this is enough for to-day. It is time for us to make our preparations for retiring to reſt.

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

MR. Bill. Robinſon and Friday have now put all their proviſions on board the canoe, and the wind is favourable to them; ſo that, my dear children, you have now to bid them farewell, perhaps, for ever. Who knows if we ſhall ever ſee them again, or, more properly ſpeaking, whether we ſhall ever hear of them more?

The Children. Oh! how ſorry we are that they are going away!

Mr. Bill. Such is the lot of men. They cannot

cannot flatter themſelves that they ſhall always live with thoſe who are moſt dear to them. They muſt, perhaps, more than once, endure the torments of inevitable ſeparation. It is, therefore, wiſe to prepare one's ſelf beforehand for theſe partings, which are as painful as they are, at times, indiſpenſable.

Robinſon, on coming out of his cave for the laſt time, ſtopped upon the top of the hillock to indulge meditation for a moment, and ſuffered his companion to go on before him. He reviewed, in his own mind, the various ſituations in which he had been during his ſolitary ſtay on this iſland; and when he recollected the ſingular care with which Providence had ſupported him in a moſt extraordinary manner, his heart was moved with gratitude. He ſhed tears of joy, and, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he addreſſed the Almighty with the moſt fervent devotion.

"Oh! heavenly Father, how ſhall I ſufficiently thank thee for all that thou haſt hitherto

hitherto done for me! Unable as I am to expreſs in words the whole ardor of my thoughts, ſuffer me to manifeſt them alſo by the lowly poſture of adoration. On my knees, or proſtrate with my face to the ground, or rolling in the duſt, let me, as it were, ſink into nothing before thee. But every thing is open to thy eyes; thou readeſt my heart; thou ſeeſt it filled with inexpreſſible ſentiments of the livelieſt gratitude. This heart, which thou haſt vouchſafed to amend, and which breathes but for thee; this heart, ſo often filled with ſorrow, and ſo often comforted by thee; this heart, Oh Lord! is all that I can offer thee in return for thy innumerable kindneſſes: accept it, therefore, accept it whole, and finiſh the work which thou haſt begun in it. Oh! heavenly Father, receive me in thy arms, to which I commit myſelf with confidence, and diſpoſe of me according to thy fatherly mercy. May I never forſake the road of virtue in which thy goodneſs has placed me! Suffer me not, Oh Lord! to abandon

it.

it. In this hope I yield myſelf up to thee; govern me according to thy wiſe and good pleaſure; I will go wherever thou ſhalt conduct me. I go, with equal tranquillity and confidence in thee, to expoſe myſelf, perhaps, to freſh dangers. Vouchſafe ſtill to accompany me, and grant me thy inviſible, but effectual ſafeguard! Watch over my immortal ſoul, and ſtrengthen it in the trials to which it may be expoſed! Preſerve my heart from weakneſs, impatience, and ingratitude towards thee! Oh, heavenly and eternal object of my ſoul's love, my Creator, my Preſerver, my all, my God!"

Here the power of utterance yielded in Robinſon to the force of his feelings: with his face to the ground, he had only ſtrength to weep. Encouraged, however, at length, by ſecret conſolations from above, he roſe up and caſt his eyes once more upon the country which he was going to leave, and which ſeemed, on that account, to become more dear to him. Like a man who is quitting his native land without hopes of ever ſeeing it again,

again, his moiſt and ſorrowful eyes wandered ſtill with affection over every tree which had once afforded him ſhelter or an agreeable ſhade, and over every one of thoſe works which owed their being to the labour of his hands and the ſweat of his brow. All theſe objects ſeemed like ſo many friends from whom he was going to be ſeparated. What were his feelings, when he perceived his lamas feeding at the foot of the hillock! If he had not quickly turned his eyes from theſe dear animals, his reſolution to depart would have been ſhaken.

However, at length, his fortitude got the better of his tenderneſs; he recovered his courage. With his arms open and ſtretched out towards the country, as if he would have embraced it, together with all the objects that it contained, "Farewell," cried he, with a loud voice, "farewell, ye witneſſes of my paſt ſufferings; for the laſt time farewell!" But this laſt farewell was loſt in ſobs. Lifting, once more, his eyes to Heaven, he went on without farther heſitation

ſitation towards the ſea ſide. As he went along, he perceived his faithful Poll, who accompanied him, flying beſide him from tree to tree. He felt an irreſiſtible deſire of taking Poll with him: he, therefore, held out his hand, and calls the parrot by its name. Poll comes flying to him as ſwift as an arrow, lights upon his hand, runs ſwiftly up his arm, and reſts upon his ſhoulder. Robinſon now overtook Friday, who was waiting for him with impatience; and they both went aboard without farther delay.

It was the 30th of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, the ninth year of Robinſon's ſtay upon this deſert iſland, that they ſet ſail, with clear weather and a freſh and favourable breeze. They had hardly got a few miles out to ſea before they met with a reef of rocks.

Harriet. Oh! dear, let us know firſt what a reef of rocks is.

Mr. Bill. Seamen give this name to a number of rocks joined together, and

either entirely covered with water, or, in ſome places, riſing above it. This reef or chain of rocks reached from a promontory of the iſland more than four leagues out into the ſea. It ſeemed dangerous to ſail over theſe rocks; they, therefore, tacked; that is, placed their ſail in another poſition, that, by taking a ſweep round, they might get on the outſide of the reef.

Edw. But if the water covered this reef, how could they know how far it reached into the ſea?

Mr. Bill. They could judge of that by the waves which they ſaw break over it; for in places where there are hidden rocks under the water, the waves riſe higher, and appear whiter with foam, becauſe theſe rocks, in ſtopping them, make them riſe and break them.

Scarce had they gained the outmoſt point of the reef, when, all at once, their canoe was carried away with as much rapidity as if they had many ſails ſet and went before a ſtrong gale of wind. They

were

were both terrified, and made haſte to furl their ſail, becauſe they thought they had been ſurpriſed by a ſmart breeze. But this was in vain; for the canoe was carried over the billows no leſs rapidly than before; and from thence they concluded that they were in the middle of a ſtrong current, which forced them along.

Henry. What! are there currents in the ſea?

Mr. Bill. The bottom of the ſea is no leſs rugged and uneven than the ſurface of the land; and under the water there are mountains, hills, and vallies, as well as upon land. Now, the water naturally runs with more ſwiftneſs towards the parts that are lower; whence it comes to paſs, that there are currents in the ſea as large as the Thames, and often exceedingly rapid. It is very dangerous for ſmall boats to fall into theſe currents, becauſe they find it difficult, not to ſay impoſſible, to get out of them again; ſo that they are frequently carried a hundred leagues out of their courſe.

Rich. Ah! poor Robinſon, what is to become of you now?

Harriet. Why did he not ſtay in his iſland? I thought ſomething would happen to him.

Mr. Bill. In undertaking this voyage, he cannot be accuſed either of levity or raſhneſs. He was moved to it by reaſons of the greateſt prudence, and moſt maturely weighed. Whatever happens to him now, he may look upon as a decree of Providence, and to that he reſigns himſelf entirely.

They tried, in vain, to force themſelves out of the current by rowing: an irreſiſtible power carried them along with the ſwiftneſs of an arrow; and they were now ſo far out at ſea as to have loſt ſight of the coaſt of their iſland. Their deſtruction appeared inevitable; for, in leſs than half an hour more, they would loſe ſight of the tops of the higheſt hills upon the iſland: after that, let the impetuoſity of the current ceaſe ſooner or later, it was all over

with

with them; for they could not poſſibly recover the iſland, having no compaſs to direct their courſe.

Henry. What ſort of compaſs?

Mr. Bill. A mariner's compaſs. Edward, who has made choice of a ſea life, will tell you what it is?

Edw. (laughing) I wiſh I knew every thing that a good ſailor ſhould know as well as I do that. A compaſs, Henry, is a magnetic needle in a round box.

Henry. But what is a magnetic needle?

Edw. It is a long thin piece of ſteel that has been touched and rubbed with a ſort of ſtone called a *magnet*, or loadſtone; from which rubbing it acquires this ſurpriſing property, that, if balanced upon a copper pivot, one end of it will turn conſtantly towards the North. By means of this compaſs navigators can ſteer their proper courſe, even when they ſee nothing but the ſky and the ſea; otherwiſe they would ſoon loſe themſelves, and not know which way to ſail.

Mr. Bill. Do you understand, Henry?

Henry. Pretty well. But to return to the boat in danger.

Mr. Bill. Robinson, having no compass, could not possibly recover the island, if once he lost sight of it. What a dreadful situation was he threatened with! To be rolled and tossed about upon a vast ocean, in a slight skiff, with provisions only for a few days! Can any thing be imagined more hopeless of safety? It then appeared clearly that a true piety and a conscience void of reproach are an inestimable treasure in time of distress. Without this valuable resource, how could Robinson have supported the weight of despair which threatened to overwhelm him? He would have acted as a person destitute of hope, and, perhaps, deprived himself of life, to avoid the dreadful alternative of perishing with hunger.

His companion, whose piety was neither so firmly established, nor so well tried by the number and duration of his distresses, as that of his master, was in the height of despair.

Unable to work, and absolutely bereft of all courage, he rests his oar, looks at his master with a hopeless, disconsolate air, and asks him whether they shall plunge themselves into the sea, to prevent, at once, by a speedy death, the cruel terrors of that lingering one which seemed inevitably to await them. Robinson, at first, spoke to him affectionately, and endeavoured to reanimate his courage: he, then, mildly reproached him for not putting his trust in the wisdom of Providence, which disposes of every thing for the best, and briefly reminded him of all that he had already taught him upon this subject. "Is it only upon land," said he, "that we are in the hands of the Almighty? Is he not also master of the ocean? If he thinks right, can he not order these waves, which are now so dangerous to us, to carry us to a place of safety? Do you think, that, by throwing yourself into the sea, you could escape from the lot to which he has destined you? Learn, inconsiderate young man, that your

immortal ſoul will, during eternity, be under the boundleſs empire of the Almighty, and that it cannot hope for happineſs, if, rebellious to its ſovereign, it counteracts his orders, by conſenting violently to break the bonds which unite it to the body."

Friday was ſenſibly affected with the truth of theſe wholeſome exhortations, and bluſhed for his own weakneſs. He immediately took up his oar again, and they both continued to row, although they had not the ſmalleſt hope that all their efforts could ſave them. Robinſon ſaid, "We are but doing our duty; for while we have a ſpark of life remaining, we are bound to do every thing in our power to ſave it. If we fail, we die with the comfortable aſſurance that ſuch is the will of the Supreme Being; and his will, my dear friend," added he, raiſing his voice to a tone of generous animation, "his will is ever wiſe, even when we, miſerable worms, cannot interpret it."

The rapidity of the current continued ſtill the ſame: they could now ſee no more of the

iſland than the tops of the hills; and now, even of them, they could diſcover but one, the very higheſt, and that was leſſening to their view very faſt: in ſhort, all hope of being ſaved was vaniſhed.

But when all human aſſiſtance fails, when the diſtreſs of the unfortunate is at its height, then, my dear children, then comes in aid the powerful hand of Him who governs all things; and the man who was on the point of periſhing, is placed wholly out of danger, by means which he never would have foreſeen. This appeared in the preſent critical moment. Robinſon had loſt all hope of avoiding a ſpeedy death; but, at the very moment when, exhauſted with fatigue, he was obliged to ceaſe rowing, he perceived that the ſwiftneſs of the boat's motion abated all at once: he obſerved alſo, that the water did not appear ſo muddy as before; and, caſting his eyes over the ſurface of the ſea, he farther remarked that the current parted into two unequal branches, the largeſt of which ran violently towards the North,

while the other, less rapid, turned short to the South, and in this latter the canoe happened to take its course.

Transported with joy, he addresses himself to his companion, who was half dead with fear. "Courage, Friday! It is the will of Heaven that we shall still be preserved!" And immediately he pointed out to him the circumstances upon which he founded his hope. They both, therefore, took up their oars again, which fatigue had made them let go. Re-animated with the sweet and unexpected hope of escaping from death, they exerted their last efforts to get out of the current, and saw, with infinite satisfaction, that, for once, their labour was not ineffectual. Robinson, who, from a long series of disappointments, was accustomed to let nothing slip his attention, observed, at this moment, that the wind would be of service to them; they therefore, quickly unfurled the sail, which, catching the breeze, helped, together with their redoubled exertions in row-

ing,

ing, to carry them very soon out of the current into a smooth sea.

Friday was ready to jump for joy; he rose up to embrace his master, who, however, begged him to suspend his transports for a moment, as there remained a good deal still to be done before they could think themselves completely out of danger. In fact, they had been carried out to sea so far, that they could barely perceive their island, like a very small cloud, in the farthest extremity of the horizon.

Henry. Horizon? What is that?

Mr. Bill. When you are in an open country, does not the sky seem, like a great arch, to touch the ground before you, which way soever you turn?

Henry. Yes, it does.

Mr. Bill. Well, then, the circle which thus bounds our view on all sides, where the earth seems to end and the sky to begin, is called the horizon. You will soon learn more about this.

Our two intrepid sailors rowed with so much

much perſeverance, and a proſperous breeze puſhed them on ſo favourably towards the Eaſtern coaſt of the iſland, for which they were making, that they very ſoon began to ſee the mountains again. "Come, my friend," ſaid Robinſon to Friday, who ſat toward the head of the boat, with his back to the iſland, "come, Friday, we are near the end of our toil." He had ſcarce finiſhed theſe words before the canoe received ſo violent a ſhock, that the two rowers were thrown from their ſeats, and fell down at their length in the bottom of the boat, which now ſtuck faſt, and was ſoon covered with waves that broke over it.

Mrs. Bill. Well, my dear children, I would give up my ſupper, and, I ſuppoſe, you would do the ſame, to ſave our poor friend; but it is all over with him. Come, ſupper is ready in the next room. Nanny has been twice to tell me ſo.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

SEVERAL of the Children at once. Well, papa, let us know quick what is become of poor Robinson.

Mr. Bill. You remember, that, at the very moment when he thought himself free from every danger, he fell into a fresh one, of a much more threatening nature than that from which he had just escaped. The canoe stuck fast all at once, and the waves broke over it. If it has struck upon a rock, there is no more to be said—our friends are lost.

Robinson made haste to feel all round the canoe with his oar, and finding no more than about two feet depth of water, and a tolerably hard bottom, he jumped, without more ado, into the sea. Friday did the same, and they both recovered their spirits, on finding that the canoe had struck upon a

bank

bank of ſand, and not upon a rock. They united their ſtrength to free the boat from the ſand, by puſhing it towards that ſide where the water was deepeſt. They ſucceeded, and when it was afloat they got into it again.

Harriet. But poor Robinſon will catch cold—he has wetted his feet.

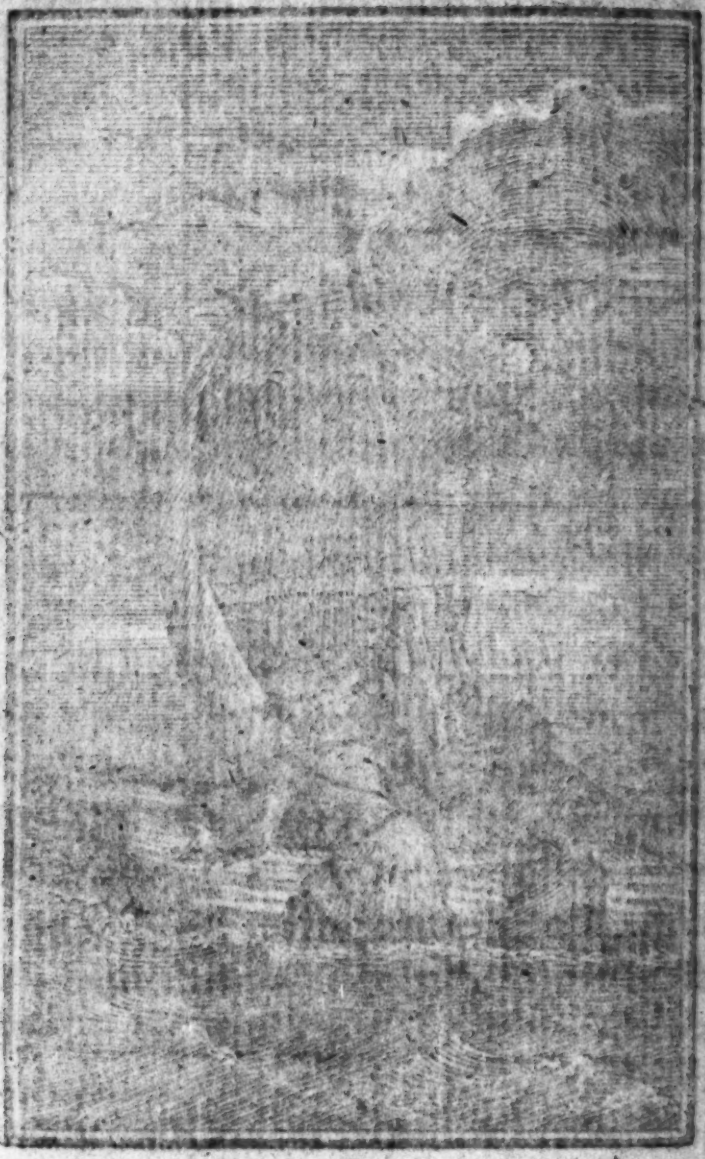
Mr. Bill. My dear, when a man has ſtrengthened his conſtitution by a ſimple and laborious life, as Robinſon had, he does not ſo eaſily catch cold; ſo do not be uneaſy on that account.

Rich. We ourſelves do not ſo eaſily catch cold as formerly. How often had we our feet wet laſt winter, without feeling the leaſt inconvenience from it?

Mr. Bill. A proof that your manner of living has already ſtrengthened you a little.

After they had emptied the boat of the water that was in it, uſing for that purpoſe their oars and the hollow of their hands, as well as they could, they reſolved to be more careful, and to uſe only their oars without a

ſail,



ſail, that they might be better able to guide the boat at their pleaſure. They rowed, therefore, to clear the ſand bank, keeping cloſe by the ſide of it, in hopes of ſoon coming to its end. This, however, they did not reach till after four hours rowing, to ſuch a length the bank extended from North to South. Robinſon remarked that it reached to the very ſpot where he was ſhipwrecked nine years before, and, indeed, that this bank was really the ſame upon which the ſhip had ſtruck.

Henry. Struck, how?

Rich. Oh! you are always interrupting.

Mr. Bill. He does right in wiſhing to be informed, and you are wrong, my dear Richard, to take his queſtions amiſs. Do ſo no more. A ſhip ſtrikes, Henry, when it comes full againſt a ſand bank, or a rock, from which it cannot diſengage itſelf.

Henry. Thank you, papa, for the explanation.

Mr. Bill. At length, as they were come into a part of the ſea that was open and navigable,

vigable, they rowed with all their ſtrength to arrive at the iſland, which they now ſaw pretty near them. They came up to it juſt as the ſun was ſetting, and his beams only to be ſeen upon the tops of the hills; and they landed, quite ſpent with fatigue, but infinitely pleaſed to be out of danger. They had neither of them taken any food the whole day; therefore, without waiting until they ſhould arrive at the cave for a refreſhment ſo abſolutely neceſſary to them, they ſat down upon the beach, and ate heartily of the proviſions that they had put into the boat. When their meal was ended, they drew up the boat into a creek. You know, I ſuppoſe, what that is?

Rich. Oh, yes: it is a ſmall opening, as it were, in the ſhore, ſomewhat reſembling the ſhape of a bay or gulf.

Mr. Bill. Yes, but with this difference, that a bay is much larger, and a gulf ſtill more ſo.—They drew up their canoe in a creek, and ſet out for their habitation, carrying

ing back every thing that they had before put aboard the boat.

Edw. Come, the ſtory is not quite finiſhed yet.

Mr. Bill. Robinſon and Friday are gone to bed. Friday is by this time faſt aſleep; Robinſon, after returning God hearty thanks for this freſh inſtance of preſervation, is preparing alſo to compoſe himſelf to reſt. We might very well do the ſame, but as it is not late, I will tell you what happened the next day.

Robinſon, at breakfaſt time, ſpoke to his companion thus: "Well, Friday, do you find yourſelf diſpoſed to make a ſecond attempt with me to-day, like that which we made yeſterday?"

Frid. Heaven forbid!

Rob. Then you are determined to ſpend your days with me in this iſland?

Frid. Ah! if my father was here with us!

Rob. Then your father is ſtill alive?

Frid. Unleſs he has died ſince I left him.

Here

Here Friday, who was deeply affected, let fall the potatoe that he held in his hand, and, ſitting motionleſs, he ſhed a flood of tears. Nor could Robinſon contain his, when he thought of his parents. Loſt in the tender recollection of former ſcenes, they both maintained a long and deep ſilence.

Rob. Be comforted, Friday; your father is probably ſtill alive. We will go and find him out the firſt convenient day, and bring him hither.

This was joyful news for Friday; it put him almoſt beſide himſelf: his exclamations, his attitudes, were ſuch as expreſſed the tranſports of his joy: he falls at Robinſon's feet to thank him, but, in the fulneſs of his heart, he is not able to utter a word.

Mrs. Bill. Ah, my dear children, what an admirable pattern is this of filial love in a ſavage, who has received no education, no inſtruction from his father; who is indebted to him for nothing but barely life,

and

and even that a life which is really miſerable.

Mr. Bill. So true it is that God has engraven in the hearts of all men principles of affection and gratitude to their parents. Alas! what a horrible monſter muſt that man be, if it were poſſible for ſuch to exiſt amongſt us civilized beings, who ſhould ſtifle in his heart theſe firſt workings of nature, who ſhould feel no more than indifference for his parents, and who ſhould knowingly give them cauſe of ſorrow and vexation! If ever you meet with ſuch a monſter, my dear children, remain not with him under the ſame roof; avoid him, he is the peſt of ſociety; he is capable of the moſt dreadful crimes, and will not fail to experience the terrible effects of heavenly vengeance.

When the tranſports of Friday's joy were a little calmed, Robinſon aſked him if he knew the paſſage over to his father's iſland ſo well as to be certain, that, if they undertook it, they ſhould not be expoſed to dangers

gers like those which they had experienced the day before. Friday assured him that he knew the passage perfectly, and would undertake it with confidence even by night; that he had sailed it several times with his countrymen, when they came to this island to feast after their victories.

Rob. Then you were amongst them when they killed men and ate them?

Fri. Certainly.

Rob. And you took your share with them too?

Fri. Alas! I knew not that there was any harm in it.

Rob. On which side of the island did you generally land?

Fri. Always on the South side, as being nearest to our island, and also because cocoa-nuts are to be found there in plenty.

This was an additional proof to Robinson that he had good cause to thank God for having suffered him to be shipwrecked rather upon the Northern coast than the Southern, as, in this latter case, he would

soon

ſoon have fallen a prey to the ſavages. He then repeated his promiſe to Friday that he would ſhortly croſs over with him to his iſland, and endeavour to find his father. He made him ſenſible, however, that this was not to be done immediately, as the preſent ſeaſon was preciſely the ſeaſon for working in the garden, and this important buſineſs would by no means permit them to be abſent.

They, therefore, ſet about this work without delay. Robinſon and Friday ſtrove to ſurpaſs each other in the art of digging. During the intervals of reſt, they employed themſelves in finding out means to improve their gardening tools. Robinſon, whoſe patience and invention were equally inexhauſtible, ſucceeded in making a rake, though he had no more than a ſharp-pointed ſtone to make the holes which were to receive the teeth: from the nature of the inſtrument that he uſed, one may gueſs how long he was in making them. Friday, for his part, contrived with a ſharp ſtone to

make two spades of so very hard a wood, that they were nearly of the same strength and effect as if they had been made of iron.

Robinson was not content with providing merely for his wants; he thought of making some improvements about his habitation, and, by degrees, of ornamenting it. Such, my dear children, has ever been the natural consequence of the progress of the arts. While men were obliged to think of nothing but the means of providing for their subsistence and security, they had not the least idea of cultivating those arts which serve barely to adorn the objects that surround them, or to procure them pleasures more refined than those which they enjoy in common with other animals; but no sooner were they assured of their subsistence and safety, than they sought to unite the agreeable with the necessary, the beautiful with the useful. Hence arose, and were gradually brought to perfection, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the other arts known by the general denomination of *the fine arts*.

Robinson

Robinſon began by improving and ornamenting his garden. He divided it regularly into different quarters by pretty broad walks, which he marked out with a line. He planted hedge-rows, and made ſummer-houſes and dark walks. One quarter was deſigned for a flower garden, another for a kitchen garden, and the third for an orchard. This laſt he enriched with all the beſt of the young lemon-trees that he found ſcattered over the iſland, beſides a variety of other young trees, which he grafted with ſcions from the bread-tree. I had forgot to tell you, that in one of his walks he had diſcovered a ſecond tree of this ſpecies. Friday, who was preſent at the operation of grafting, could not ſufficiently expreſs his ſurpriſe; he had no idea of the intent of it, and would have doubted its ſucceſs, had any other perſon but Robinſon mentioned it to him.

They planted potatoes and ſowed maize, both in great quantities; and, as the ſoil had probably lain fallow ſince the creation of the world, whatever they ſowed ſprung

up as favourably as they could wish, and brought them a plentiful crop.

At times they went a fishing with the nets which Friday had made during the rainy season, and always caught more of the finny tribe than they could consume: they, therefore, released those which they thought superfluous, throwing them back into their own element. "It is abusing God's gifts," Robinson sensibly observed, "to grasp at more than is necessary to satisfy our wants; and it is an odious cruelty to take away the lives of harmless animals, when we are about to use them for our nourishment."

After fishing they generally bathed. Robinson could not sufficiently admire Friday's cleverness in swimming and diving. He commonly chose some steep rock against which the waves broke. He would cast himself headlong from the top of this rock into the sea, remain some minutes under water, and by the time that Robinson was become uneasy about him, he would pop his head up all at once, and then throw himself into a thousand different positions:

ſitions: now ſtretched on his back, he let the waves roll him about; at another time—but, were I to tell you the particulars of his performance, it would almoſt appear incredible to you. On theſe occaſions Robinſon reflected with admiration upon the ſurpriſing diverſity of men's natural diſpoſitions, capable, in a manner, of arriving at any perfection, if rightly exerciſed from their infancy.

Sometimes they went a fowling or hunting. Friday was no leſs ſkilled in uſing the bow and arrow than in making them. They killed birds and young lamas, but never more than were requiſite for their table. Robinſon, I obſerved before, conſidered as a very blameable degree of cruelty the odious paſſion of killing any animal whatſoever for mere amuſement, and without a view to conveniency.

Whatever ſuperiority Robinſon might have over Friday with reſpect to underſtanding and induſtry, the latter, in his turn, was poſſeſſed of much ſkill and dexterity, to which his maſter had hitherto been a ſtranger,

ger, but which, however, were of infinite service to them. He had the art of making, out of bones, shells, stones, &c. all sorts of tools, which he used very dexterously in carving wood, the work of which seemed almost as well executed as if it had been cut with iron. For instance, having found a long bone, he made a chisel of it; of a branch of coral he made a rasp; a knife he made out of a shell, and a file of a fish's skin. With these tools he provided for their apartment many little pieces of furniture, which contributed to render their situation much more commodious.

The art of reducing the fruit of the bread-tree into a kind of paste or dough, was of the greatest importance. This paste was as nourishing as our bread, and had nearly the same taste. The savages use this paste raw, but Robinson gave it a little toasting on the fire, which made it eat as agreeable as any bread.

He learned, also, from Friday, the use of the chocolate-nuts, which having formerly found

found in one of his excursions, he had brought home a small stock of them for trial. When they were roasted before the fire, they afforded a food very agreeable to the taste, and as wholesome as it was nourishing.

Robinson, who was fond of making experiments, pounded a few handfuls of these nuts between two flat stones, and, having reduced them to powder, he boiled them with milk. What an agreeable surprise! The moment he tasted it he knew it to be chocolate.

Henry. Ay!

Mr. Bill. Yes, like our chocolate in every respect, but that he had no sugar with it. Thus every day Robinson found new resources to supply his wants and gratify his palate. But I must say, to his praise, that he persevered nevertheless in his resolution and habit of living temperately, and of confining himself to the plainest sorts of food.

From this time they began to undertake longer and more frequent excursions all over the island, particularly when they observed

ſerved that the wind was unfavourable for the ſavages to come over. In theſe excurſions they made ſeveral diſcoveries which they eaſily turned to their advantage.

When their work in the garden was finiſhed, they fixed upon a day to go in queſt of Friday's father; but the nearer the time approached, the more Robinſon's anxiety encreaſed. "What if theſe ſavages," ſaid he to himſelf, "ſhould treat you as an enemy? What if they ſhould pay no regard to any thing that Friday could ſay? In ſhort, what if you ſhould fall a prey to their monſtrous appetites?" He could not help communicating all theſe apprehenſions to his friend. Friday proteſted to him, by every thing the moſt ſacred, that theſe fears were ill-founded; that he knew his countrymen well enough to aſſure him that they were incapable of uſing thoſe ill who were not their enemies. Robinſon was convinced that Friday would by no means ſpeak ſo poſitively, if there was the ſmalleſt room for doubt. He, therefore, baniſhed all fear

and

and ſuſpicion depended upon Friday's good faith, and reſolved to ſet ſail the very next day.

With this intention they again floated their canoe, which had been drawn up on the beach, and moored it to a ſtake fixed in the ground. The ſame evening they roaſted a quantity of potatoes, and prepared other proviſions, intending to lay in a ſtock for at leaſt eight days. Friday ſhewed upon this occaſion, that he was not ignorant in the art of cookery. As they had juſt killed a young lama, he propoſed to his maſter a method of roaſting it whole in leſs time than they could on the ſpit, and he engaged that its fleſh ſhould eat more tender and juicy when dreſt after this manner. He went to work thus.

He dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep; this he filled with ſeveral layers alternately of dry wood and flat ſtones. Here he made the fire, over which he held the lama, to ſinge it, or burn its hair entirely off: he then ſcraped it with a ſhell, and made

made it as clean as if it had been scalded in boiling water. With the same shell he cut it open, and then took out the bowels. In the mean time the wood was burnt to charcoal, the hole was completely heated, and the stones red hot. He took out the wood and the stones as fast as possible, only leaving as many of the latter as were sufficient to cover the bottom of the hole. On these stones he spread a layer of leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, and on these leaves placed the lama, which he covered again with other leaves; and, lastly, over these he laid what remained of the hot stones. The whole was covered with earth.

When they took up the lama after it had lain there some hours, Robinson was curious to taste it, which he did, and found that the meat of it was really more tender, more juicy, and more savoury than if it had been roasted on the spit. From that time, therefore, he constantly used this method.

Robin

Rich. It is exactly the same way that the people of Otaheité bake their dogs.

Mr. Bill. Very true.

Geo. Their dogs? Do they eat their dogs?

Rich. Certainly. We read of them last winter. Captain Cook's people tasted some of the flesh of their dogs dreſt in this manner, and found it excellent.

Harriet. Excellent indeed!

Mr. Bill. You know, I ſuppoſe, that theſe dogs do not feed as ours; they do not eat fleſh, but fruits; ſo that the meat of them may taſte quite different from the fleſh of our dogs.

Well, children, all the preparations for the voyage are made. Let our two voyagers reſt for this night, and to-morrow evening we ſhall ſee what may have happened to them.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

Rich. It is exactly the same way, that the people of Graheité bake their dogs.

Mr. Bill. Very true.

Geo. Their dogs? Do they eat their dogs?

Rich. Certainly. We read of them last winter. Captain Cook's people tasted some of the flesh of their dogs dressed in this manner, and found it excellent.

Harriet. Excellent indeed!

Mr. Bill. You know, I suppose, that these dogs do not feed as ours; they do not eat flesh, but fruits; so that the meat of them may taste quite different from the flesh of our dogs.

Well, children, all the preparations for the voyage are made. Let our two voyagers rest in this night, and in morrow evening we shall see what may have happened to them.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.